

Zion's Herald

VOLUME LXX.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1892.

NUMBER 35.

Zion's Herald.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE
Boston Wesleyan Association,
85 Bromfield Street, Boston.
WILBUR FISK MEMORIAL.
CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.
ALONZO S. WOOD, Publisher.
All stationers and booksellers are authorized agents for its local sale.
Price, including postage, \$2.50 per year.
Specimen Copies Free.



WILBUR FISK.
ARIEL STEVENS, L. D.

THE appearance of Wilbur Fisk in the ministry in 1818 may be said to have dated a new epoch in New England Methodism. A man of intrinsic greatness; of the highest style of Christian character; of rare pulpit eloquence, full of grace, dignity and power, he was also the first Methodist preacher of the Eastern States who had the advantage of a collegiate education; a fact of no little importance among the people of New England. No man did more to redeem his church from the imputation of ignorance, not to say the contempt, with which it had been branded among the trained clergy of those States; for, notwithstanding the ministerial competence and greatness of such men as Merritt, Ruter, Soule, and Hedding, their commission had been generally discredited, beyond their own people, for lack of academic diplomas. Fisk led up the whole Methodism of the East in educational enterprise, ministerial culture and public influence; while his saintly life presented a model of Christian character which impressed his entire denomination, not only in New England, but throughout all the land; for his usefulness and reputation became national. In 1830 he was called to the presidency of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., of which he was one of the founders. In 1835 his untimely death compelled him to make a voyage to Europe, where he officially represented American Methodism in the Wesleyan Conference. He was elected bishop of his church while absent, but declined the episcopal office in favor of his function as an educator. Returning, he continued his labors in the Wesleyan University with declining health, but unabated devotion, till his death.

Wilbur Fisk's person bespoke his character. It was of good size, and remarkable for its symmetry. His features were harmonious, the contour strongly resembling the better Roman outline. His eye was nicely defined, and, when excited, beamed with a peculiarly benign and conciliatory expression. His complexion was bilious; and added to the diseased indication of his somewhat attenuated features. His head was a model not of great, but of well-proportioned development. It had the height of the Roman brow, though not the breadth of the Greek. His voice was peculiarly flexible and sonorous. A catarrhal disease affected it; but just enough, during most of his life, to improve its tone to a soft rounded, without a trace of nasal defect. It rendered him a charming singer, and was an instrument of music to him in the pulpit. Without appearing to use it designedly for vocal effect, it was nevertheless an important means of impression to his sermons. Few men could indicate the moral emotions more effectively by mere tones. It was especially expressive in pathetic passages. If genius cannot be claimed for him, nor the very highest order of intellect, yet he approached both so nearly as to command the admiration of the best cultivated minds, and the almost idolatrous interest of the people. Good vigor in all his faculties, and good balance of them all, were his chief intellectual characteristics.

His literary acquisitions were not great. The American collegiate course in his day was stunted. After his graduation he was too busy to study much, and he was not a great reader. His resources were chiefly in himself—in his good sense, his quick sagacity, his generous sensibilities, and his healthy and fertile imagination. He possessed the latter power richly, though it never ran riot in his discourses. It was an auxiliary to his logic, an exemplification of Dugald Stewart's remark on the intimate relation between the imagination and the reasoning faculty in a well-balanced mind. His scintillations were the sparkles that flew about the anvil on which his logic piled its strokes. His style, not being formed from books, was the natural expression of his vigorous and exact intellect;

it was therefore remarkable for its simplicity and terseness, its Saxon purity and energy. A meretricious sentence cannot be found in all his published writings. His polemical writings were not only in good temper, but models of luminous and forcible argumentation. His sermon on Calvinism may be referred to as an example. That discourse, with his sermon and lectures on Universalism, his essays on the New Haven Divinity, his sermon on the Law and the Gospel, his tract in reply to Pierepont on the Atonement, etc., would form a volume which the church might preserve as no ignoble memorial of both his intellectual and moral character. His "Travels in Europe," though containing some examples of elaborate reflection and picturesque description, was not a volume of superior claims; it had too much of the ordinary guide-book character.

His moral character was as perfect as that of any man whom it has been the writer's happiness to know. His intimate friends will admit that there is hardly a possibility of speaking too favorably of him in this respect. It has often been remarked by those who had years of personal relations with him, that they were literally at a loss to mention one moral defect that marred the perfect beauty of his nature. This is saying very much; it is saying what cannot be said of one man perhaps in a million; but it can be deliberately said of this saintly man. It was his rare moral character, more even than his intellectual eminence, that gave him such magical influence, and rendered him so successful in the government of literary institutions. All about him felt self-respect in respecting him. To offend him was a self-infliction which even the audacity of reckless youth could not brook. In 1839, in the forty-eighth year of his age, Wilbur Fisk died in great peace. His chamber had been for days sanctified, as it were, by the glory of the Divine Presence, and his broken utterances were full of consolation and triumph over death. "Glorious hope!" was the last and whispered expression of his religious feelings.

WILBUR FISK.

REV. WILLIAM RICE, D. D.

WILBUR FISK was the ideal man of my boyhood; and, as I think of him to-day, the perspective of the vanished years serves only to place in strong relief his marked ability.

The question is often asked, "Would Dr. Fisk be reckoned great were he living now, and were he compared with the men who have adorned our church in these later years?" To this inquiry we answer, "Yes," for the qualities of mind and heart that made Dr. Fisk great in his own day were absolute, not relative, attributes of his character, and they were beyond the influence of time or environment. But I do not propose to discuss this question, or to portray the man. My own boyhood's memories serve me, merely to introduce the portrait of Dr. Fisk by one whose acquaintance with him was even more intimate than my own.

My first recollection of Dr. Fisk is on the occasion of his inaugural at Wilbraham, in 1825. Though at that time I was only five years old, my memory of that day and of his exercises is distinct and vivid. My father was one of the original trustees, and I accompanied him to Wilbraham at the opening of the school. From that time forward Dr. Fisk was a frequent guest at my father's house, although his welcome visits were less frequent after he assumed his more distant and arduous duties at Middletown. He often conducted the Sunday service of our Springfield church, and on these occasions we were indeed highly favored, for as a pulpit orator he was without a rival, in our estimation.

No visitor of these early days at my father's house has left so clear and lasting an impression upon my mind. The ideal intellectual beauty of his face, his melodious voice, his dignified yet always kind and winning manners—all these drew me to him with an attractive power which no other man ever exerted upon me. He often took me in his lap and talked with me, and the memories of my childhood are brightened by the recollection of these charming and familiar conversations. Gradually, as childhood passed on to boyhood and youth, an earnest spirit of Christian counsel crept into his words; and his encouragements to me to secure an education and prepare myself for usefulness in the world were among the most potent of the influences which decided my choice of a profession and gave character to my later life. I loved him and revered him as I loved and revered no man in my early life save my own father.

Dr. Fisk had been the first principal of the Wesleyan Academy, and at the time of his death he was still one of its board of trustees. It was therefore deemed eminently fitting that the exercises of the annual exhibition of the Academy should include some memorial of his life and work. The duty of delivering this eulogy the faculty assigned to myself, for I was then a student in the Academy. To aid me in my work of preparation, Dr. David Patten, then principal, gave to me the notes of a discourse which he had delivered upon the occasion of the death of Dr. Fisk. These notes are interesting, as they give us the impressions of Dr. Fisk expressed at the time by one who had been his pupil at Wilbraham and at Middletown, and was also an intimate and valued friend.

I shall give an abstract of these notes, omitting for want of space the discussion of his Christian character and presenting only Dr. Patten's portrait of Dr. Fisk as a man and as a scholar.

In which he differed from all others, and which constituted his true identity, is no easy task. Every one may recognize in him the moral beauty of great powers devoted to noble ends, but to give the discriminating touch, to give the correct proportion and symmetry of his intellectual and moral nature, requires more than the hasty dash of the pencil, more than a cold rhetorical flourish.

It would seem indeed, at first blush, that it would be difficult to say too much in his praise; yet everything like extravagance or exaggeration would be peculiarly unworthy of one so remarkable for his simplicity and truth, and who was as much above concealing his own true nature as affecting one which did not belong to him.

The rough strokes and glaring colors in which the characters of common men may be struck off, cannot express the serene equilibrium of his virtues, the exquisite temper of his mind, and his singular fitness for the posts of duty to which he was called by Divine providence.

To you who were familiar with his social virtues, intellectual strength, and deep and unostentatious piety, I can give no description which will equal the portrait already traced upon your hearts. To you who knew him not, I can say only that I will present a full and just picture of the original. The occasion however will require that I cite your attention to a few of the prominent features of his character as a man, as a scholar and as a Christian.

One trait calculated to impress even a careless observer, and which brightened into an uncommon excellency upon nearer acquaintance, was his remarkably wild and gentle manners, his uniformly easy and affable deportment, and his talent of making all in his presence feel perfectly at home. Indeed, he overthrew around him such a kind and cheerful influence that it was the delight of the poor and unlearned as well as the rich and great to enjoy his society.

He treated all as equals; hence many on first introduction, having received their impression of the nature and influence of his greatness in the school of the world, were disappointed, nay, sometimes almost disconcerted, so unprepared were they to find one whose fame had been trumpeted through the length and breadth of the land so simple, so kind, so unpretending. If to be perfectly easy and natural in one's deportment and to cause others to feel free and at ease in his presence constitute the true gentleman, then we have in him a living exemplification of what is too much an anomaly in society. Yet this is one of the proudest elements in his greatness.

Blended with this was an unassuming dignity which always commanded attention and respect; not an artificial dignity which depends upon staid looks, cold formalities, and a haughty reserve—these he left for such as would disguise conscious weakness by affected appearances. His was the dignity of the truly great man acting out to all alike the calm, deep feeling of an honest heart, clothed in the garb of simple but majestic truth. This dignity he sustained in all circles; and while he caused the contumacious of the world to shrink at his feet, or the arrogant at his door, to kneel in smiles, he carried in the presence of the great and mighty that calm, deep gravity and elevated tone of thought and feeling which commanded respect and influence. But it was that remarkable blending of sweetness with dignity, of gentleness with energy, of mildness with decision, that most elicits our admiration, and clothes his character with a brightness almost unearthly.

His temperment, too, was of that placid kind so favorable to true wisdom. His equanimity of mind could not be easily disturbed, nor his smoothness of temper be ruffled. He had little of that nervous excitability which to great men even is frequently a thorn in the flesh. He was a stranger to the excesses of excitement and depression, and the even flow of his cheerfulness betokened the sunshine of his heart.

He was blessed with that rare endowment—a spirit of frankness. "Of whatever else I may be accused," said he, in a private conversation at the last session of the New England Conference, "of whatever else I may be accused, I cannot be accused of duplicity." Like truth itself, he had nothing to disguise, nothing to keep back, nothing to point out with deceptive colors. When he spoke he spoke from the fulness of an honest heart, not fearing but truth would stand "though the heavens should fall."

He was a public man, but the discharge of public and official duties did not divert his attention from the culture of the social affections. If he was one of the brightest ornaments of the pulpit, one of the most distinguished champions in the arena of public controversy, he shone no less brightly in the social circle and at the domestic fireside. Many who bear me can bear witness that it was no ordinary pleasure to sit in his atmosphere, and receive instruction as it fell from his lips as freely as the dew of evening. His conversational powers were of a high order, and from the treasures of his well-stored mind he delighted to pour forth, not in the spirit of one proudly conscious of superior wisdom, but in the loving spirit of the true Christian, whose rich sentiment which would interest and profit all who listened. In his own family circle his heart had full play, and his social qualities, warm, elevated and refined, shed around their beautiful and blended lights. There the sunshine of the soul diffused its softest radiance, and soothed and cheered and tranquilized the passing hours.

His friendships were as lasting as they were pure. When he gave his heart in confidence to a friend, it was not with the expectation that that union would be ephemeral, but rather with the feeling that the friendship would be as durable as life; and hence he rarely lost a friend. Even those who engaged with him in polemic strife, or differed from him in religious opinion, always hailed him as a friend and brother, and cherished towards him feelings of love and respect.

As a scholar, his learning, if not as profound as some, was varied and extensive, and his mind was disciplined to habits of close thought and deep and patient investigation. This is evident from the character of his writings, especially the controversial writings he has given the world, and which have elicited very general commendation. He has contributed to quite an extent to the religious and secular literature of the age. And when we remember how readily he wielded the pen, how powerful were the energies of his mind, and how rich the resources of his intellect, and especially that he had commenced some important works which promised to add much to the literary treasury of the church and world, we cannot but be amazed at that providence that has called him so suddenly away.

As a preacher, it is no fulsome adulation to say that he was one of the brightest ornaments of the American pulpit. This is generally conceded. For of the thousands that have hung upon his lips and received the full tide of thought and feeling as it flowed deep truth from his inmost heart, few that have been thrilled with the touches of his eloquence or melted into tenderness or kindled into rapture at his descriptions of the love of Calvary or the glories of heaven, will soon forget the form or spirit of that heaven-inspired ambassador of God. In his pulpit efforts he intuitively discerned and promptly seized whatever would create in his auditory the liveliest impressions. The weight and importance of his doctrines, the fertility and richness of his thoughts, the

pertinency and beauty of his figures, the vigor and elegance of his style, the simplicity and pathos of his eloquence, always commanded the attention and elevated the feelings of his audience. His eloquence was of a manly, dignified and attractive character, but simple and natural; his language was flowing and energetic and elegant, and carried with it to the minds of his hearers the rich gift of profound and original thought. In a word, his style as a speaker and writer was at once clear and simple, strong and nervous. Indeed, simplicity was one of the most interesting attributes of his productions—so simple that he could be comprehended by the most illiterate, but so profound as to instruct the most erudite.

As a polemical writer he was noted for the clearness of his views, the candor with which he stated and answered the arguments and objections of his antagonists, and the spirit of love with which he always conducted his discussions.

One peculiarity in his mental training I must not pass unnoticed; it was the wonderful command he held over all his intellectual treasures. His material for thought and his great intellectual stores were so arranged and disposed that he always knew where to find what he needed, and how to use his resources to the best advantage. Hence his interest as an extemporaneous speaker; hence the happy art, in which he so much excelled, of being always prepared to speak with readiness and profit on whatever subject might be presented for thought or discussion. This command over his mental resources, united with his other moral and intellectual endowments, rendered him in the estimation of all a truly great man—not great on some subjects on which he had prepared his mind by thinking over his dusty tomes and spending weeks or months in patient research, but great on all subjects and all occasions.

Dr. Rice also contributes the following incident:

The influence of Dr. Fisk on the various departments of our church work, and especially and pre-eminently upon the work of education, are to be presented in this number of ZION'S HERALD. I do not propose to trench upon a topic which will doubtless be ably discussed by some one. I desire simply to relate in a very few words a conversation I had with Isaac Rich, which will illustrate the powerful indirect influence which Dr. Fisk has also exerted upon the interests of education in our church.

On one of the anniversary weeks at Wilbraham some years ago, Bro. Rich and myself took an early morning walk over the hills, and in the course of our walk, as we looked down upon the Academy buildings, he spoke of the interest he had taken in their erection, and of his interest, generally, in our institutions of learning and in our educational work; and he remarked that no money he had ever invested had given him anything like the satisfaction that the money he had given to Wilbraham and to Middletown had afforded. He then added: "All this satisfaction which has come to me, and all the benefit which has come to the church, must be credited rather to Dr. Fisk than to me, for it was his influence over me in my earlier years, which has led me in my later manhood to devote my means to the cause of education, to which he devoted his intellect and the labor of his life."

When we remember the large sums given by Isaac Rich to Wesleyan Academy and Wesleyan University in the critical periods of their financial history, and, later, the great bequest of almost his entire estate to the endowment of Boston University, we shall begin to measure the immense value of the indirect influence which has come to our educational work from the life and labors of the venerated and sainted man to whose name and memory this number of ZION'S HERALD is devoted.

BRIEF CHARACTERIZATIONS.

Bishop A. G. Haygood.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Wilbur Fisk among Southern Methodists is perpetuated in the naming of children. A generation ago a multitude of boys were named in honor of a man who belongs to American Methodism. I have always thought of him as a lofty-souled man who, "made free by the truth," was not afraid.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Bishop John H. Vincent.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

I am not really able to say anything concerning Dr. Fisk. The impression which I have always had concerning him is that of a quiet, firm, steady, gentlemanly, saintly, Christian educator and preacher, representing a class of men a larger number of whom would greatly have blessed the earlier Methodism, and are immensely needed in our own time.

Chautauque, N. Y.

Rev. E. E. Hoss, D. D.

Editor of Christian Advocate (Methodist Episcopal Church, South), Nashville, Tenn.

In completeness of character Wilbur Fisk was perhaps the foremost man that has been produced by American Methodism. He had great gifts as a teacher, preacher, orator, and administrator; but his chief distinction lay in the fact that he was one of God's serviceable, every-day saints. In the South, as well as in every other part of the country, his memory is held in high esteem.

Prof. John Wiley.

Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

We ever think of Dr. Fisk as rarely gifted and cultured in mind; as eminently rich in spiritual graces; as thoroughly consecrated in his Christian life. If not strictly the originator of the Methodist movement in the work of higher education, yet for his great service we may properly regard him as the Moses of that movement.

Rev. David H. Moore, D. D.

Editor of Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, O.

As a reformer, Wilbur Fisk's career appears inconsistent. "Sir," said he to one who sought to paralyze his temperance sword-arm by prophesying division and schism in the church, "if the church is built on rum, let it go!" And yet the spectre of a divided church made him a leader of the opposition to the abolition of slavery. But, after all, there was this element of consistency—He was a personalist and a gradualist throughout. Individual efforts, gradually effecting a regeneration of individual offenders—in other words, "moral suasion"—was his rule of practice as a reformer. Thus it happened that he fought the Abolitionists who would have swept slavery out of existence by legal enactment; and yet at the same time favored gradual emancipation. Had there been a political party advocating legal prohibition of rum, he would have strenuously resisted it, while using all his influence to promote total abstinence through moral suasion. He was a radical in temperance because the conception of temperance reform had reached no further than personal abstinence. He was conservative in the movement against slavery because opposition had gone beyond personal influence. Had he lived

in 1860, he would have voted for Bell and Everett. Had he been at Omaha, it is hard to say what he would have done.

He was unique in his own period. Today he would find himself in a House of Commons, with a House of Lords above him. No longer having an undisputed educational kingdom, he would probably experience less hesitation to accept the episcopacy. But history will not be chary of honor to the man who must ever stand as the prototype of the illustrious line of American Methodist educators.

Bishop E. R. Hendrix.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Wilbur Fisk, a Christian patriot, with the conservatism of all true reformers, broad and tall enough to be classed with the undiminished men whose memory belongs to all the world. In serving well his own generation he served mankind.

Kansas City, Mo.

Prof. C. T. Winchester.

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

"Thy gentleness hath made me great." That is the best motto for Wilbur Fisk. God gave him an extreme sensitiveness and delicacy of temper joined with firmness of will, a quick appreciation of the religious value of whatever educates or refines; and then He sent him to be, for the militant, zealous, somewhat narrow, Methodist movement, a genuine apostle of sweetness and light.

Rev. W. V. Tudor, D. D.

Pastor Broad St. M. E. Church, South, Richmond, Va.

Wilbur Fisk died almost before I lived. My father, in Baltimore, told me of him and of Olin, to help educate my life. Such a man as Fisk is reproduced indefinitely in lives and characters influenced by the great example.

Bishop J. C. Granbery.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

On the living roll of the Virginia Conference, M. E. Church, South, three members bear the Christian name "Wilbur Fisk." This straw shows the strong impression which Dr. Fisk made on the heart of American Methodism. He was a polished shaft. He exemplified what he advocated—the combination of light and fervor, refinement and strength, intellectual culture and holiness unto the Lord. His saintly character, as much as, yes, even more than, his mental gifts, qualified him to be the leader of our church in the great work of education.

Bishop H. W. Warren.

Wilbur Fisk stands to our vast Methodist educational work—far wider than our country—as Washington stands to our country. Both had a Bunker Hill, a Valley Forge, a Saratoga and a Yorktown; but both had an empire at the end. It is for us to develop it to the utmost.

President S. P. Raymond.

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

As to Wilbur Fisk, my knowledge of him smells of the books. If I were to add a word concerning him I would say: Wilbur Fisk foresaw, more clearly than any other man of his denomination, the importance of education to the permanence of Methodism; and believing that the highest culture and the deepest piety may be wedded in the educational institutions of the church, he set himself resolutely to the task, and, as Dr. Sherman says of him, above any other "inspired the denomination with an enthusiasm for education."

Rev. S. A. Steel, D. D.

Pastor McKendree Church (Methodist Episcopal Church, South), Nashville, Tenn.

If we could trace out to their final results the influence of the great men New England has produced, I think Wilbur Fisk would stand very near the head of the list. It is certain that he exhibited in his character the highest expression of the intellectual and spiritual forces of the religion of Christ, and that he imparted a mighty impulse to the higher life of his age. Methodism has not produced a nobler example of Christian manhood.

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Devout Methodist mothers all over our country are still naming their boys for Wilbur Fisk, recognizing in his character and life the intellectual power that commands admiration, and the unselfishness that captures and holds the heart of humanity. Brain-force and heart-force have rarely been so happily combined as in this man.

Atlanta, Ga.

Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, D. D.

Editor of the Central Christian Advocate, St. Louis, Mo.

The salient feature of Wilbur Fisk's career which most impresses me—at least in view of the lessons which are especially needed by our own generation—is that it was irradiated, informed and vivified, in all its phases and stages, by a deep religious experience, an inner life of prayer and consecration, of hope and joy, of vitalizing faith. A student, a college president, an educational reformer, organizer and pioneer, a polemic, a temperance champion, a traveler, a preacher, and engaged, moreover, in the struggle of social, political and moral—which marked his age, he was in all his multifarious labors a simple-hearted, trusting and sometimes rejoicing believer. His studies, his work in the classroom, his journeyings, his theological discussions, his battles on the platform, his successes, his privations—none of these hindered his experience of godliness; nay, all of them helped to make the inward flame of religious life burn the brighter. The inspiration and sustaining power of a genuine, devout, trustful religious experience, in the midst of executive, financial, editorial, literary, pastoral, controversial, household and other labors—this strikes me as a lesson to be emphasized in the fruitful career of Wilbur Fisk.

Prof. H. C. Sheldon.

School of Theology, Boston University.

Had we lived in his day we should have taken pride in his scholarship and ornate preaching. From the point of view which is given us in this decade we esteem him for his services to Methodist education, and for the image of a pure and unselfish personality which he has bequeathed.

President Henry A. Buttz.

Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

It seems to me that Wilbur Fisk exhibited in his life and work the highest characteristics of the true educator. He combined the intense religious spirit of Methodism with the most earnest devotion to the advancement of true scholarship. In him true religion and sound learning went hand in hand, and he has thus become an example and an inspiration to his successors in the same work to which his life was consecrated. A fresh study of the life and

writings of Wilbur Fisk will be a benediction to the church.

Bishop D. A. Goodsell.

I can truly say that I was brought up on the works of Wilbur Fisk. His "Travels in Europe" were the delight of my childhood, and his controversial works fed my earliest theological thought. I imbibed the notion somewhere that his eminence was chiefly due to the fact that he was a highly-educated man at a time when few such sought our communion or our labors. More recent study has convinced me that he would have been eminent at any time or anywhere. He had the tastes and the intuitions of the scholar; the literary finish of a practiced writer; the acumen of the philosophic theologian; the breadth of sympathy which gives great assimilative power and personal leadership; and, above all, a high development of the moral nature, by which and by the grace of God he was saved from pettiness and asceticism. Refinement of nature made him delicate in all his sensibilities, while the robustness of his intellect gave a strong impression of masculine strength. He did a great work in many departments and illustrated the fact that a man not too robust in physical quality often accomplishes more than equal mental endowment with larger capacity for physical enjoyment. The feeble man takes up his pen when the strong man finds sufficient excuse for idleness in the mere fact of being alive.

Bishop W. W. Duncan.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

It would give me pleasure to furnish an article for your "Wilbur Fisk number of the HERALD," if I were in circumstances to prepare it. I am now in the field on my district, and will be out in these parts, and out as far as Oregon, until the middle of October. Not one of the worthy men of Methodism in this country is more entitled to the distinction you propose for Dr. Fisk than the man who enjoyed the confidence of the church as did Wilbur Fisk.

San Marcial, New Mexico.

Prof. S. F. Upham.

Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

I consider Dr. Fisk the greatest man that American Methodism has produced. Affable in personal intercourse and kindly in manner, earnest in purpose and conscientious in aim, he united with great intellectual endowments the beauty of holiness and manifested a spiritual life so pure that we need go backward to apostolic days to find its precedent.

Prof. William North Rice.

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

A man's reputation depends often quite as much upon the peculiarity of his situation as upon his own ability or character. Mr. Tom, as it were, sprung from the low meadows of the Connecticut, is a more conspicuous mountain than many a peak in the White Mountains three or four times its height. The first president of Wesleyan University would have been sure of a prominent place in the history of our church. He would have stood, by that fact alone, as the representative of higher education in Methodism. But Wilbur Fisk was doubtless, in right of his own character, worthy of such a representative position. He was certainly not a great scholar as compared with the standards of technical scholarship of today; but he was a man of strong and noble personality. His educational views were in some respects decidedly in advance of his time. What seems to me to have been perhaps his most remarkable characteristic is his power of attracting and impressing all classes and conditions of men. He came to the old, conservative, aristocratic, little city of Middletown at a time when Methodists and Methodism were thoroughly despised, and when Wesleyan University in its merely embryonic condition had very little to command the respect of an unsympathetic community. Yet I think it is doubtful whether any one of his successors has had the entire to all circles of society in so great a degree, or has so prominently a figure in the general life of the city, as Wilbur Fisk. There was about his person and character a sweetness and light to whose influence no one was unresponsive.

WILBUR FISK

As a Shrine Builder.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM F. WARREN.

IN the office of the president of Boston University there hangs one likeness of any human being. This handsome portrait of a scholar, in the robes of an Oxford doctor of divinity, originally belonged to Isaac Rich, first of the founders of the University. I remember where it used to hang in Mr. Rich's pleasant reception room on Beacon Street, opposite the Common; and often did I hear his owner wax eloquent in praise of the providential man whom it represented. How full of awe dignity that pictured face! But for its charm over the mind and heart of Isaac Rich I greatly doubt whether Boston University would ever have had a founder. Most fitting, therefore, is it that Boston University makes its inmost sanctum sanctorum a shrine sacred to the historic name and presence of Wilbur Fisk.

In the quiet, old-fashioned sitting room of the house in which I am spending some of these burning summer days here in Wilbraham, high above the mantle-piece, in square wooden frame of simple make, hang three engravings from plates of steel. I suppose my eyes have rested upon them thousands of times since first I saw them there thirty-four years ago. On other parts of the ancient wainscoting, and on other walls of the room, I see other engravings—one of Lincoln, one of Grant, one of Miles Standish, one of all the deceased Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church; but none of these have the place of honor held by the three. None of these so impresses me; for while I have seen each of these more modern adornments hung in their places, the three antedate my memory of the room and have all the mystery of the prehistoric. These belong to a former generation, and were hung by hands no longer visible. The whole room seems a shrine sacred to the memory of the three. The first three presidents of Wesleyan University. And at the head of the three—and of all the growing line—is that gentle, refined and saintly face of Wilbur Fisk. A little to the north of this dear old farm-house are the Wesleyan Academy grounds; and in the grounds, in the finest of all the locations, is a handsome Hall; and in the Hall a handsome chapel; and here again, in a memorial building bearing his own name, in its most sacred room, is the portrait of Wilbur Fisk, first of all the principals of Wesleyan Academy.

Wilbur Fisk Memorial.

WILBUR FISK.
The First Fully Typical American Wesleyan.

PROF. GEO. PRENTICE.

WHAT I mean by this heading is that Mr. Fisk is the first member of the American Methodist Conferences who has any real title to this distinction. On one ground, none of the members of those Conferences of English birth, except Dr. Coke, could be taken to fairly represent the Wesley, since neither Rankin, Whatcoat nor Asbury were university men. And although Dr. Coke was a university man, he somehow lacked the qualities which are indispensable to our thinking of him in any sense as a typical Wesleyan leader.

Men like Jesse Lee, Freeborn Garretson, Thomas Ware and Nathan Bangs were, in their day and generation, Methodist leaders of no slight influence and reputation, in spite of the fact that, like Washington and Lincoln, they were not college men. Hence few of them could appreciate certain characteristics of the Wesleys. The latter were not only widely read in all the best current literature of the times, but also acquainted with the great classics of the Latin and Greek languages, with the whole round of Bible study and learning, and widely familiar with the masterpieces of English literature. Now, however gifted men like Asbury and Lee might be, however diligent and persistent in their efforts at self-improvement, however choice the contents of their saddle-bag library, but few of them became real leaders, and still fewer could discern the wide difference between the highest attainments of the graduates of Circuit Academy and of Presiding Elder College, and those that the Wesleys had won at the Charter House School in London, and Oxford University. In order to do that fully a man would need to be a graduate of one of our better American colleges. When Wilbur Fisk had finished his days of study at Peabody Academy, and the University of Vermont, and Brown University, with his fine literary taste and his bent to the writing of verse he must have been sensible of the slightness of his equipment in many ways. Probably he was the first Methodist preacher in America whose education and aspirations enabled him to measure the difference between the men around him and the Wesleys.

Then Wilbur Fisk was a person of the profoundest religious nature; not St. Francis of Assisi, nor Xavier with his missionary flame, was ever more genuinely and selflessly Christian than he. As a student and practitioner of the law he might easily have rivaled the great lawyers of New England; as a statesman he might easily have rivaled the most conspicuous; yet he gave up these chances to be a member and minister of the meanest and most despised church in New England.

Not three years had he been pastor of the humble societies he served before he reached the conviction that in order to be useful in the highest degree there he must cast his soul unreservedly upon the mercy of Christ and invite the Spirit of Grace to make his whole life on earth an embodiment of the most absolute consecration of all his being unto God. Henceforth, to the end of his life, Wilbur Fisk was a visible witness to all the supreme virtues of Christianity after the Wesleyan model. This was the one persistent, ever recurring motif of all that he said, all that he did. He combined the serene fervor of a Fletcher with much of John Wesley's coolness of logic and hard-headed common sense. Here was a head and marvelously sweet and winning type of Christian life, perhaps the most attractive personal Christian character New England has yet seen. He won friends amongst all classes and conditions of men as readily as John Wesley himself, and they clung to him to the end of his career as tenaciously as Cardinal Newman's clung to him, for he had a genius for friendship. It is one of the striking things to read, in the letters that passed between Wilbur Fisk and ministers of other churches as well as his own, the evidence that a multitude of excellent men were always dissatisfied with themselves and their courses of action until they could win his approval. It was this greatness of soul which made him so irresistible as a pastor, presiding elder, principal of a school, and president of a college. I have never read or heard of any person who had any real chance to come into close and free personal relations with him who did not bear witness to the marvelous intensity and humility of his communion with God. In no other way have I gained such an idea of what he was to his day and generation as by the occasional remarks made accidentally by persons who had come into personal contact with him. In all my life never have I heard such acknowledgments of the profoundest spiritual indebtedness from good men as I have heard from his associates like D. D. Whedon, or pupils like J. W. Merrill, or Dr. Rice, of Philadelphia.

Wilbur Fisk's character is one of the brightest jewels that has been given to the church in our country. Zion's Herald does well in renewing his memory.

Faith seems to be the exclusive channel through which every gracious effect is produced on the mind. The sinner cannot be awakened without faith, for it precedes every judgment in favor of truth, and every motion of moral feeling, and of course every favorable concurrence of the will. The sinner never could throw himself upon the Divine mercy, never would embrace Christ as his Saviour, until he believed. Hence the Scriptures lay such great stress upon faith, and make it the grand, and indeed the only im-

mediate, condition of the work of grace upon the heart. Repentance is a condition only remotely in order to a justifying faith, agreeably to the teaching of Christ: "And ye, when ye had heard, afterward repented not, that ye might believe on him." But faith is necessary immediately, as that mental state directly antecedent to the giving up the soul into the hands of the Divine mercy. — *Wilbur Fisk.*

WILBUR FISK.

Biographical Notes.

REV. E. C. BASS, D. D.

WILBUR FISK was born in Brattleboro, Vt., Aug. 31, 1812. While he was a child the family moved to Lyndon, Vt. His father, Isaiah Fisk, served in the legislature of Vermont seventeen years, and was for many years a judge in the courts of Caledonia County. Both of the parents outlived their son.

Up to seventeen years of age young Fisk had not been in school more than two or three years in all. At the age of nineteen he began the study of Latin, and in one year at Peabody Academy.

He Was Fitted to Enter College

"A year in advance," and so became a member of the sophomore class of the University of Vermont, Aug. 12, 1812. Instruction at the University was suspended for the year 1813-14, as the buildings were taken for barracks by the United States army. Fisk proposed to enter as junior at Middlebury; but when President Davis said to him, "You cannot expect to enter here on the same grade that you left Burlington," and then proposed to give him an examination, this loyal son of the University replied, "No, sir, you have already pre-judged my case, you cannot examine me."

In the spring of 1814 he entered the junior class at Brown University, where he was graduated in 1815 (McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia says he was graduated at Burlington). The following two years and a half were spent in studying law, teaching, and battling with his lifelong enemy, consumption. No man gets into his right place until he is converted. This was very true in Wilbur Fisk's experience. In the winter of 1817-18 Lyndon was visited of God; and among the many converted or reclaimed was this son of godly parents. His mother once said: "While Wilbur was aiming to become a distinguished statesman, I was all the time praying that he might be made a minister." Her prayers prevailed. In March, 1818,

The Law Student Began to Preach.

The next month he was on Craftsbury circuit in northern Vermont. In the summer of the same year he joined the New England Conference and was continued on Craftsbury circuit. In 1819 he was stationed at Charlestown, Mass. During his second year at Charlestown his health failed. He told the story some years later as follows: —

"I was inexperienced, indiscreet and zealous. I preached three or four times, besides some other extra labors; attended one or more meetings every day; visited daily eight or ten families, and talked and prayed and sang with them all; attended camp-meetings and there labored night and day, and often preached and prayed at the top of my voice, and fell suddenly. . . . I was confined about six months, got able to ride, and spent about two years on my native mountains in doing penance for my indiscretion. . . . I find the way to sell my life to the enemy as dear as possible is to use it sparingly that I may use it longer."

The month of June, 1823, was a notable month in the life of Wilbur Fisk. Early in that month he married Miss Ruth Peck, in Providence, R. I. A little later, at the Conference session held in Providence, he preached a famous sermon upon Universalism. Though only thirty-one years of age, and only five years in the Conference, he was elected to the General Conference and appointed presiding elder of Vermont District. He traveled his extensive district three years, 1823-26, making his name so fragrant, as "ointment poured forth," that forty years later the present writer found that name still cherished in Vermont as a synonym of every Christian grace. His own church loved him, other churches respected him, and the State honored him.

He was a member of the General Conference in '24, '25 and '32. He was elected to the General Conference of '36, but did not take his seat, being in Europe from the fall of '35 to the fall of '36. He was once elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada. The General Conference of '36 elected him a bishop of his own church. He declined both honors. He was solicited to stand as a candidate for the presidency of the University of Vermont. Though no bigot he had

An Absorbing, Consuming Affection for Methodism.

When once invited to a settled pastorate in a prominent church and the salary very desirable, he replied, "This would build up Wilbur Fisk, but it would not build up Methodism."

From 1826 to 1830 Wilbur Fisk was principal of Wilbraham Academy. The institution opened with seven students, and in the half decade eleven hundred and fifty were enrolled. The principal once described his situation as follows: "Teacher, beggar, builder, treasurer, secretary, steward, book-keeper, proctor, preacher, etc., etc."

For seven years and five months, (from September 1831 to February 1839) Wilbur Fisk was

President of Wesleyan University

His success at Wilbraham had made the University a necessity, and had proved him as the one man prepared to make a success of the greater undertaking at Middletown. It was "a day of small things," but of great results. Among the eighty-five men in the seven classes that he graduated were Patten, Bannister, Merrill, Kidder, Cooke, Wentworth, Hawley, Curry, Clark, and Keener; besides Baker,

McClintock, Merrick, Stevens, and many other, non-graduate, members of the same classes. These men and their institutions are his monument.

February 22, 1839, this gifted leader, this man of eloquent speech and trenchant pen, this consecrated, saintly man, not yet forty-seven years old, was called to higher service. His grave is in a quiet, hallowed God's acre, a little west of the University, in close companionship with that of Stephen Olin, another son of Vermont, whom the dying Fisk suggested as his successor.

PROFESSOR J. W. MERRILL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF WILBUR FISK.

THE bust of this great and good man rests on my parlor table. It was the kind gift of Daniel H. Chase, of Middletown, Conn., the only surviving graduate of the first class in Wesleyan University. Its features and pose of the head are true to the life save its snowy whiteness, while the face of Dr. Fisk, from long, wasting disease and exhausting toils, was of a sallow paleness when he sat in repose.

My first sight of him was when I was about thirteen years of age. He had graduated at Brown University with distinction, joined the New England Conference, and preached on the Craftsbury circuit; Rev. Joseph A. Merrill then being his presiding elder. He had been appointed to the pastorate of the M. E. Church at Charlestown, Mass., and at the desire of my father, Rev. J. A. Merrill, he had come to New Market, N. H., to look at the site of the Wesleyan Academy and to determine whether, if elected to fill the place of Rev. Martin Ruter as principal of the institution (Mr. Ruter having some time before been made Book Agent at Cincinnati) he would accept the responsibilities of being placed at the head of the first Methodist literary institution in New England. Already he had become in Charlestown, Boston and vicinity greatly admired as a preacher, and gave promise of being soon adequate to any position to which he might be elevated by his brethren. He was deemed even now to be a fit successor of Dr. Ruter in the Wesleyan Academy. Mr. Fisk, after looking over the place and carefully considering its location, concluded that the Academy could not be a success where it was, and declined a connection with it in that locality. This was, I think, before the prostrating sickness that caused his fatal consumption which finally ended his most useful life. Then, in the bloom of manhood, he seemed to me

The Most Graceful, Beautiful, and Sweet-voiced Man

I had ever seen. My young eyes beheld his face as that of some superior mortal seldom seen on earth. The impression he made on me, then scarcely thirteen years of age, will never fade away.

It was a few years only after this that the Wesleyan Academy at New Market, N. H., was removed to Wilbraham, Mass., and Rev. Wilbur Fisk was made there its first and most distinguished principal. I think none who have followed him there, very distinguished though many have been, would desire to pluck this diadem from his brow. It fell to me about the year 1825 to be examined by him to teach my first district or town school. I was very diffident and distrustful of my attainments. I greatly and instinctively shrank from the ordeal. It was in Wilbraham, in the front parlor of the home of Dr. Jesse Rice, where he then resided. The gentleness of his kind and graceful manner so disarmed in a few minutes my restraint, that after two or three questions I felt as much at home as though being examined by my own father. He generously gave me a commendatory and the legal certificate that in his opinion I was qualified to teach the branches usually taught in our common schools in Massachusetts; and his countenance inspired me with his smile and blessing in the presence of his accomplished and beloved wife, who then appeared to me akin to the loveliness of an angel by his side, for she was good and beautiful.

After teaching something over a year in Ashburnham, Gardner and Lynn, Mass., I became his pupil in the Wesleyan Academy. In 1827 I heard that most remarkable sermon which he delivered to the students in the old boarding-hall from the words, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thine youth, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment" (Eccl. 11: 9). It seems to me that this discourse was one of the initiatory causes of that revival in the school in which Morris Hill, Osean C. Baker, John Merwin, David Patten, William Mitchell and others were awakened and converted. The discourse was almost impromptu, and in the midst of care, toil and ill health — after the way of the older preacher, ever ready to preach and to die. But whenever he preached, as was almost always his wont, the intense interest of his soul in the truths which he uttered was such as to overcome all languor in himself and his hearers. This was so true in the above discourse that all present, forgetful of the time and place, were borne on by anticipation through their unfolding life to the scenes of the judgment. The impression both upon teachers and students was profound and lasting. Dr. Fisk at the Academy and in the community at large was venerated and beloved.

Early in 1830 and '31, at Wesleyan University, he greatly increased in the respect of the world of letters, and was soon appointed on the literary commission to bring about a uniform-

ity in the pronunciation of the Greek language in our New England schools and colleges, with the result of the adoption of the continental usage. The name of Dr. Fisk in the University until his decease needs no words of any one to make it more illustrious. In Methodism he will ever be revered and beloved. Without, he will not be forgotten as a Christian orator, gentleman and scholar.

More than any other man I ever knew, Wilbur Fisk seemed to me to bear in his own soul and life

The Most Perfect Spirit-Image of the Redeemer

of Israel. Although as a preacher he was almost ever extemporaneous, yet he labored intensely on all the great themes as well as commonplaces of theology, and often wrote out in full his discourses which were rare models of style and massive Christian thought. His "Travels in Europe," his "Calvinistic Controversy," and a few published sermons will bear careful study; yet as a preacher he was chiefly for his times.

A few words I may not omit concerning him while in the pulpit. There he always seemed to me not only conscious of the presence of the people, but of the immediate presence of the living God. I never knew him carelessly to open or shut the Bible, to smite it, or to smite it on the desk, or to substitute for it one of another form than that provided by the love and provident care of the people to whom he ministered. I never saw him shake his fist or point his finger like a dagger at his congregation. I never knew him to play antics or show airs in God's holy house. Neither in the pulpit nor on the platform did I ever note in him an unmeaning gesture, a frown, or a grin, or other careless affectation. I have sometimes seen the tear glisten in his eye, and often a radiant joy light up his whole countenance as some bright-ness of heavenly light. I never heard him use denunciation, or railing accusation; nor saw him provoke a smile in a religious audience by a stroke of wit, or send a tremor through it by a biting sarcasm; nor did I ever hear him yell or scream in the sacred desk or anywhere else. Affectation of voice, gesture, smartness or snap I never knew in Wilbur Fisk. I never heard or saw aught in him while in the pulpit unfitting a sense of the presence of the true and living God; even his powerful logic was such as became a holy man in the presence of a holy God. That his diction was chaste, ornate, often impassioned yet subdued, persuasive, sometimes entreating, often with authority, grandeur and sublimity, yet ever in keeping with the truth, the occasion and the Divine presence, all who heard him were wont to feel.

His audiences were always instructed and illuminated, often melted into tenderness and tears, sometimes inspired with holy hope and joy akin to ecstasy; now comforted in grief and sorrow, or animated with moral courage and a firm purpose to be wholly for God and the right.

He had a patient, enduring faith in the power of the gospel to remedy the faults and sins of individuals, society and nations; and in this faith he never faltered, but preached and lived it. He believed it could destroy heathenism, polygamy, slavery, with all vices and sins; and that it was, and ever would be, the power of God for salvation unto all who would receive it. It was this gospel that shed a lustre on his path before him when on his last journey from the world.

Concord, N. H.

A PUPIL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF WILBUR FISK.

DANIEL H. CHASE, LL. D.

FORTUNATE indeed are they who, in their period of rapid growth and instinctive imitation, must daily associate with noble models of character and conduct. Such models, whether speaking or silent, do much toward molding young, plastic associates. Dr. Fisk was such a model — attractive, impressive, full of magnetic power, and molded many.

My early education, for over eleven years, was obtained in New York City, which then had no gymnasium, swimming baths, skating rinks, base-ball grounds, or other appliances for the delight and development of its boys. Skating was limited to frozen gutters utilized on one skate. To enjoy a good bath in hot water consumed the Saturday half-holiday in a tramp to Coney Island and back. In school we were often overtasked, yet urged on by methods meant to excite intense rivalry. Thus was exhausted that vital force which nature meant for the ampler development of brain, muscle, manhood. How some of us wearied of such a life on dirty pavements, surrounded by brick walls! Suffering thus I plodded on, but some of my young friends rebelled, and insisted on dropping wearisome text-books and going into business.

At this crisis the charter of Wesleyan University was announced. Dr. Fisk was appointed its president, and my father permitted me to leave Columbia College and enter Wesleyan at its opening in September, 1831. I was glad to change to a locality where beautiful hills and valleys and the Connecticut River promised so much. The promise was more than fulfilled.

Dr. Fisk.

During my first term I saw but little of Dr. Fisk save when he took his turn at chapel prayers. On the last evening of that term he announced that my class would recite twice daily during the winter vacation. This was a complete surprise, looked like tyranny, antagonized my cherished plan of becoming a good skater. Tied to the bell rope through a long vacation? Never! Prayers over, the Doctor was interviewed. With decided emphasis I told

him I had always understood vacation to mean freedom from class-work, and as such I meant to take it! His eyes opened a little wider, scanned my features for a moment with an expression of surprise, then without one word he passed on. Next day I chanced to meet him. He halted and said: "Chase, you did not seem pleased yesterday with the arrangements for your class." I bluntly replied, "No sir, I was not." He then in a gentle tone explained that the class needed extra drilling, that the professors had offered to do the work gratuitously, that the other members were willing to study and recite through the vacation, and that by some oversight I had not been present at the meeting. "All we can ask of you is to be ready with your class examinations." I told him that I would see to that and we parted. I to ponder over the contrast between my rudeness and his gentleness, which conveyed no hint of reproach or censure. From that moment

I Loved and Honored Him.

and did so more and more as I became better acquainted with him, until he filled a higher niche than any other man I ever knew. Subsequently, in my business life, cases whose management puzzled me sometimes occurred. When thus baffled, they were solved by a mental process, thus: I withdrew from the case and stood apart as a mere looker-on. Then I would place the Doctor confronting it and watch his method of solution. That solution was always satisfactory. Quite likely they who associated with the Master on earth had a like mental process for solving their oft-recurring difficulties, a process probably continued long after he had ascended.

The Doctor's voice was very sweet and flexible. In conversation it was no small pleasure to watch the play of his features. His admonitions and reproofs were most impressive. One case is vividly remembered. I chanced to be in his room making my report when a student, who had been summoned to receive a private reproof for unlawful department, entered. He was pointed to a chair until the report was ended. He had entered with a markedly dejected air. Evidently he had resolved not to be humbled; but the admonition was so kind and reasonable, so addressed to conscience, common sense and self-respect, that the high head began to droop, the body to lose its bolt-uprightness, until the final aspect of that of a wilted plant. Though much amused at the process, I had to maintain a grave face. Such examples of wisely-gentle dealing were invaluable to me in my long career as a teacher.

Of him as a preacher little need here be said. Thousands listened to him, and many have recorded their profit and delight. He was ever instructive, attractive, persuasive. The one sermon which I best remember, after a lapse of nearly sixty years, was from the text, "Beginning at Jerusalem." That Christ ordered His apostles to begin there, proved two most important facts: (1) the truth of the Gospel; (2) its benevolence. If the apostles' assertions were false, the living witnesses were on the spot to prove their falsity at once; and to give His murderers one last opportunity to repent and be saved was divinely benevolent. These two thoughts were nobly expanded.

The evening of March 8, 1834, was inclement. I went to prayer-meeting, conducted by Pastor Bartholomew Cragh, in the lecture-room of the M. E. Church here. Dr. Fisk was present and made the closing remarks and an appeal, ending with the question, "Is there not one here tonight willing to confess Christ before the world?" I arose at once and said, "I am one." Thus I became "a probationer," with one new tie added to those which already bound me to Wilbur Fisk.

College Cemetery

is the name of an embowered, rectangular, quarter-acre, on the summit of a gentle hill, half way between the University buildings and our beautiful Indian Hill Cemetery. Between these cemeteries is a narrow, steep-sided valley. The college campus is bounded west by Mt. Vernon Street, which street is the eastern boundary of the gentle hill. This little cemetery, containing the remains of Fisk and Olin, is bounded east by a hedge of cedars, south by a gray, unpainted, picket fence (in which a gap is left for the entrance of visitors who, coming from Cross Street, first traverse the deep lot of the "Posa Place"), but has no enclosure on the north and west sides. No path made by foot or wheel enters the cemetery. Few visit it. Probably many of our citizens have never entered it and hardly know of its existence. In it are thirty graves marked by stones and three enclosed family plots for Fisk, Olin and Laban Clark. The last named was the prime mover in securing, as a plant for Wesleyan, the site and buildings formerly used by the Military Academy of Capt. Partridge. Because of the shade all the monuments are stained or mossy, or both, save those in the Fisk plot. These are evidently cared for. Even the modest monuments erected by classmates in honor of lost comrades are forgotten. Dr. Fisk's plot, measuring about 20 feet by 15, is enclosed by a galvanized-iron pipe let into low, neat granite posts. The plot contains four graves, marked by stones ranged on the west side. Mrs. Fisk's grave occupies the northwest corner; then the Doctor's; and, with a space between, that of Mrs. Fisk's mother; next to which and in the southwest corner, that of Martha, the adopted daughter. The Doctor's monument consists of a granite block on which is a cube of white marble supporting the obelisk of same material. Inscribed thereon are the words: "Wilbur Fisk, S. T. D., First President of Wesleyan University. Born August 31st, 1812,

Died February 22d, 1839." Directly west of this plot is that of Olin, separated by an alley six feet wide.

It is evident that this secluded spot is not the proper one for men of mark. They should be removed to Indian Hill Cemetery, which is annually visited by thousands, not only because of the loved and lost ones buried there, but because also of the beauty of the grounds and monuments and the lovely and extended views therefrom. "Beautiful situation" is Indian Hill! Place the monuments of Fisk and Olin where multitudes can see them, be reminded of them, converse together respecting them with love and profit, and hand down their memory to following generations.

It is becoming the fashion for Universities to erect bronze statues in honor of their noblest presidents. Many alumni of Wesleyan desire thus to honor Dr. Fisk and probably will, in due time; but the urgent need of a first-class gymnasium imposes on them a present duty which postpones the honor they mean to show to Wesleyan's first president. Last summer I found in a second-hand store a badly-stained bust of Dr. Fisk, the base of which was broken but its upper portion was in perfect order. An Italian artist repaired it, made a mold and cast ten copies for me. The casts have been given to institutions and old devoted friends of the Doctor; the mold is in New York, kept for future use. I associated with him seven years, and Dr. J. W. Merrill, of Concord N. H., about twice as long. He has a bust. We both can certify to its faithful representation of Dr. Fisk's features. When the bronze statue is to be made, this bust will be useful.

WILBUR FISK.

Reminiscences.

REV. BOSTWICK HAWLEY, D. D.

MATRICULATING at Wesleyan University in 1835, and for three years seeing much of this scholarly and saintly man, then in the maturity and vigor of his manhood, at the acme of his intellectual strength, and in the ripeness of his experience, I, in my majority, had good opportunities of so studying him and of learning the secret of his power with and over young men as to retain for more than a half-century a distinct view of him as he was then photographed on my mind. A member of the last class that graduated under his presidency, and the last to whose diplomas his signature was affixed, it seems well that I should give this small tribute to his memory.

Limited, as I am, to the single line of "personal memory as connected with his Christian life," I recall Dr. Fisk as

A Model Christian

in personal character and bearing, in rich experience and in social qualities that were so blended as to make him attractive, beautifully symmetrical and noble. There was a balance of the elements of "true manliness." In manners he was graceful, in temperament winning, in life spiritual, and in government paternal. In his prayers there was a majesty of thought, a simplicity of expression, and a fervency of spirit that seemed characteristic of one in holy communion with God as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ and of all spirits, merciful and glorious, a prayer-bearing and prayer-answering God. Well do I remember the statement a class-mate — the late F. A. S. Sule, poet and editor — made to me that the prayers of Prof. H. — seemed like those of one talking familiarly with a fellow, but those of Dr. Fisk seemed as of one in rapt audience with the Eternal Father. The daily religious services in the college chapel were peculiarly well suited to show forth the glow of soul, the fervor of spirit, and the intellectual power of Dr. Fisk. No other member of the faculty read the Scriptures or prayed as did he. In Professor Willett's reading and praying there was a pathos peculiar to his simplicity of character, as the services of each were *sub genitibus*, but each and all were the more moved by those of Dr. Fisk. His saintly appearance may have had much to do with it — a pale but animated countenance, dark and mellow eyes, silver white hair, classed forehead, and pathetic voice. The power of his sanctified eloquence, evinced in a sermon on the words of Philip, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," even now, after the lapse of fifty-four years, is fresh in my mind.

As these traits of the character and life of Dr. Fisk affected me, so I am sure they influenced my fellow students. It could not well be otherwise. No man of my acquaintance was more symmetrical in character and life, in spirit and influence, than he; and because of

His Sainly Piety and Broad Intellectuality. He had not the gigantic strength combined with the childlike simplicity of Olin, nor the incisiveness and eagle flights of Dempster, but for his position he combined the better traits in beautiful roundness with equal piety. In him were blended the dignity of true manliness and the beauty of childlike simplicity. Whether in personal intercourse, or in a modest and timely commendation of the public performance of students, there was the same impressive bearing and encouraging manner. In my senior year, when for a few days my room-mate (the late Leodas Rosser, D. D.) was absent, Dr.

(Continued on Page 3.)

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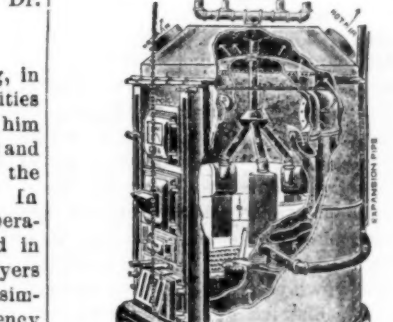
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Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1892.

[Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.]

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

It is difficult to realize that only a century has passed since Wilbur Fisk was born. He filled so large a place in our ecclesiastical development and was so potent in giving fundamental shape to our educational work, that we are surprised to learn that his life does not reach farther back into the past of our history. Our readers were promised a memorial and re-presentation of this great man by the leading minds of the church in a special number. We leave our readers to judge of the measure of success with which the promise is fulfilled. We are exceedingly gratified that almost all of those who are now living who knew Wilbur Fisk as pupils and personal friends, have consented to write for this issue. We thus gather up into permanent form for the church most valuable material. We are gratified, also, that our entire American Methodistism shares reverently and gladly in this tribute. Our sister church does him greatest honor. Does any reader doubt that if he were living today he would be as anxious to bring about a union of these severed branches of the church as he was anxious in his day to avert the separation? A personal study of this special number ought to be an inspiration both to ministers and people. Something of the great man's devoutness, holiness, consecration, concentration of purpose and loyalty to the denomination should be absorbed by every reader. This copy of ZION'S HERALD, with the special issues upon John Wesley and Gilbert Haven, mark an altogether new epoch in the making of a religious paper.

THE TENDENCY TO DETERIORATION.

Profound thinkers and close observers of life have frequently remarked the universal tendency to deterioration among living forms, unless counteracted by constant upward struggle and endeavor. This tendency is so general as to be recognized as a biological fact. Plants and animals are subject to degradation, and must yield to the downward-dragging forces unless the upward struggle be strenuous and unremitting. Sometimes one sees a plant or an animal which has either been handicapped in this great life-battle, or else has grown sluggish and weak in self-development and self-defense. The deterioration is evident at once. The great downward drift of life, unresisted, has set in, and in time will submerge this falling creature existence.

So it is also with human life. The natural tendency is ever downward. The physical organism, left to itself, without exercise or training, does not have a tendency to become stronger and better, but weaker and worse. The mind resting in self-complacent attainment, or lack of attainment, immediately begins to gravitate down the intellectual scale. Above all, the soul of man, the spiritual nature, tends to deteriorate, unless the upward struggle be ceaselessly maintained. The inert spirit does not naturally rise, but sinks. A soul poisoning between heights and depths, does not feel so much the wings as the weights. It is ever the downward tendency which seizes upon life when the struggle ceases.

Let this great fact have due consideration in the Christian life. The tendency is always downward, not upward. Strange—and yet how terribly true! The instant the soul rests, gives itself up to repose, ceases to be active and aggressive, that instant the dark downward-dragging forces whirl about it and begin to sweep it toward the nether gloom. It is the never-remitting tendency to deterioration, a tendency which affects all life from lowest to highest. Not to be escaped, not to be foiled—not to be conquered by keen, earnest, continuous effort. Just as the neglected rose-bush sinks gradually into decline, bearing fewer and fewer, smaller and smaller, roses, and at length becomes woody and sterile, so the human soul which neglects opportunities, neglects duties, and ceases to cultivate its best and richest life, yields to this inexorable law of deterioration, and finally becomes fruitless and worthless.

Christian brother, Christian sister, how is it with you? Are you increasing, or decreasing? Struggling upward, or sinking downward? There is no middle way. Life must climb the rising path, or be carried along the descending road. The tendency is downward; the struggle must be upward. God help us all to fight it bravely and successfully!

THE AFTERMATH OF THE STRIKES.

The conflict which has been waging more or less violently between labor and capital during the past year reflects no credit on the Christianity of this nineteenth century. It assuredly must not be assumed that there is no remedy for the present embitterment of feeling, and that these contests must continue to arise from time to time. Such a view is as unworthy as it is deplorable. While the relations between employers and employed must not be allowed to degenerate to one of oppressor and oppressed, there is every evidence that the fomenters of strikes are laboring sedulously to disseminate the doctrine that such a point has been already reached. When such competent authority as Henry George boldly asserts that a strike at once peaceable and successful is an impossibility, it makes us pause to think what is to be the outcome both to the striker and to the public of a line of conduct which almost inevitably precipitates us into a state of affairs akin to insurrection. It compels us to inquire whether the Golden Rule has become obsolete; to ask what has become of the new school of philosophers who, as Christian Socialists, were to ring out the old order of things and ring in the new. Have their labors been dissipated into thin air? Has any one heard of their presenting any practical panacea for existing labor troubles?

Leaving for the moment the consideration of the line of conduct which employers should follow towards those in their employ, it is worth while to consider what is to be the effect on men, as in the case of strikers, who have been defeated in the battle which they waged for their alleged rights, who have found their self-denial and the suffering of their families of no avail, and that at the last the very opportunity to labor has been forbidden to them. Under these conditions it is natural for them to attribute all their misfortunes to a maladjusted world, where every man's hand is seemingly raised against them. The bitterness of spirit that is generated becomes transferred to the family circle, while the sense of fancied wrong rankles and germinates until these men are swept gradually and almost insensibly into the maelstrom of anarchy.

The growing disregard of life and property, too, which are more and more the predominant features of the vast strikes throughout the land, is another sad element of the whole business. It is but a short step from the wanton recklessness indulged by a mob of strikers to the practice of individual murder and rapine. The tie that sacredly binds the striker to his brother man is weakened, and, with the influence of strong drink so often a feature in these great strikes, he is borne steadily down the stream to a sorrowful and disgraceful end. The general irreligiosity, to use no stronger term, which pervades these labor uprisings is patent to the most superficial observer. Did any one ever hear of a strike preceded with prayer for its success? It is rather a defiance of everything sacred, and oftener a season of dissipation than otherwise. For these, and for many more reasons which might be readily adduced, the result of labor strikes, even where they are temporarily successful, can but be attended with the gravest consequences.

The thought will naturally arise, what are Christian men and women and the church of which they are a part doing to avert these impending dangers? Has any one heard of Christian missionaries going among the strikers in the recent troubles and preaching forbearance and gentleness under wrongs? Or have the employers themselves been approached and implored as representatives of a Christian community to remember that they were dealing with brother-men, and to stretch any rights they might possess to the utmost limit of forbearance in an effort to do the fullest justice to the men in their employment? If the Christian Church has not exhausted every resource in its power in the way of conciliation and arbitration, then it has not done its duty. Without for a moment considering the direct issue involved in the recent colossal strikes, no Christian man or woman should fail to have the tenderest sympathy and the most earnest solicitude for the misguided and too often ignorant men who, bound down by the iron rules of organized labor, obey, often unwillingly, the arbitrary behests of leaders who have ambitious ends of their own to serve.

There are two propulsive forces which tend to a solution of the labor problem: These are education and true religion; and the growth of both is the precursor of a brighter and better day, when the relations of employer and employed shall be harmonious and of mutual benefit. To these may be added a stronger sense of justice in the American people, to which, as a court of final appeal, the laboring man can confidently present his cause, and where, without the disruption of society, he may be assured that his grievances will find a prompt and dispassionate adjustment. Organized labor must cease to be the tyranny which it has become; and capital must be willing to concede a reasonable participation in the profits which labor has helped to create.

Notwithstanding the recent terrible experiences, there are not lacking signs that we are tending, slowly perhaps but surely, toward this consummation devoutly to be wished; and that

the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are to find a larger place than heretofore in the future business relations of the world.

The Order of the Iron Hall.

The Endowment Order known as the Iron Hall, which was organized by F. D. Somers, March 28, 1881, has succeeded to the venerable law of mathematics, hastened by peculations and reckless use of the funds of the order, in total disregard of all business principles. Its sanguine head has, it is true, held out illusory promises of reconstruction which have been accepted by some of the more credulous members of the association. Its first purpose was to raise \$100,000 in 1881, when it paid \$1,000 to 1,100 members, the remainder of the 2,000 members secured the first year having failed. In 1882 it paid 1,200; in 1883, 1,300; and in 1890 about 600 members. The total liabilities of the order for which certificates were issued up to and including 1890, were nearly fifty million dollars. To pay this enormous amount it had, Jan. 1, nominal assets of about two and a half millions and the privilege of assessing its 65,204 members not more than twenty assessments of \$2.50 each per annum. The assets themselves, as shown by recent investigations, had materially shrunk, owing to bad investments. The few thousand members who have secured their \$1,000 each have done so at a cost to themselves of \$200 or \$300, and the remainder has been taken from their less fortunate brethren, who, if they have little to show for the money invested, can comfort themselves with the assurance that there are no immoral gains to be laid at their door, whatever their original purpose might have been.

The Iron Hall has long been quoted as the one order which was to prove that the impossible in finance could certainly be accomplished; and its collapse will go far towards showing that there is no royal road to wealth. Its influence in perverting men's minds has been more pernicious than that of all the other orders combined. The evidence elicited at the recent investigation is such as to make men stand aghast as they read of the recklessness with which huge sums of money were paid for illegal purposes without let or hindrance from anybody. Such a thing as book-keeping, or a system of checks and counter checks seems to have been unknown, and the officers were held to no accountability for their use of the funds of the order. Receivers have been asked for in the various States, and the cessation of fresh blood flowing into the order is the natural and inevitable ending of its career. It is to be regretted that sincere and well-intentioned people, many of them members of Christian churches, will not more carefully weigh the ethics of membership in an order which participate in; and it is to be hoped that they may hereafter consider their duty to deal justly by their fellow men as paramount to any idea of immediate and extravagant gains.

A Camp-Meeting Tour.

The editor planned the present year to visit as many of the camp-meetings held within the bounds of the patronizing Conferences as possible. His purpose was threefold—to meet the ministerial brethren and the people, to share in the meetings, and to test personally the power and influence of the services. On Friday, August 5, he was at Hebronville, R. I. This meeting is held upon the grounds of the Adventists (hired for the occasion). Rev. S. O. Benton, presiding elder of the Providence District, had successful charge of this meeting. We found Bishop Foss upon the ground, a small number of ministers and perhaps five hundred people. There was evidence of a gracious spirit in the air. The meetings seemed to be mainly for edification and spiritual instruction. A goodly number of members of the Advent denomination were present and manifested a joyful and helpful spirit of Christian fellowship.

August 8th, in the evening, the editor preached at Yarmouth camp-ground. This is a charming place, and growing more beautiful every year. It is a favorite meeting with the writer—for several reasons: A large number of families come to the ground to reside, and the editor has a pleasant view of the sea. The old-time camp-meeting spirit and purpose are felt. The first meeting called together the largest audience for that service that had been seen for years. The ministers were there for religious work and ardently expecting fruitful results. The consecration service held that first evening after the sermon was most inspiring and we shall carry its spiritual impress for a long time to come. Rev. Walter Kim, the presiding elder, showed an excellent spirit, and led his preachers gently but effectively in helpful co-operation.

August 11 we preached in the afternoon at Northport, Maine. This is a fascinating spot on the Penobscot River, and not so far from the mouth as to be beyond the influence of the salt tides sweeping up from the ocean. Here are beautiful cottage and an excellent view. It is one of the most attractive summer resorts in New England. The camp-meeting, like that at Cottage City, is only an incident in the life of the community. There are thousands of people on the grounds who visit the place because of the low excursion rates made by the steamers that ply on the river; but very few of these have any interest in the meetings. O. D. Fernald, D. D., had charge of the series of services held here for the past two years, and the results have been gratifying. It was our privilege to listen to an excellent sermon preached by Rev. J. M. Frost, of Bangor, and to hear many good people relative to this reform; for the "great sermon" preached by Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D., the day before we arrived upon the grounds. These were a good representation of ministers present, and nowhere have we heard exhortations more able and powerful.

August 14, in the afternoon, we preached at East Poland, Me., which is seven miles from Lewiston. These grounds are more primitive than any visited. Rev. A. S. Ladd had charge of the meeting and managed it with conspicuous wisdom and success. Hon. John J. Perry and wife were at this meeting and have been present every year for a quarter of a century. In the Sunday morning congregation we noticed Rev. T. W. Bishop and Hon. C. C. Corbin; they had come over from the Poland House, where they were boarding, to enjoy the services.

In the morning of August 18, we preached at the Weirs. This charming place never seemed so attractive as this year. Lake Umbagog with its numerous islands, many of which are being selected as homes by Methodist ministers during their vacations, provides a changing panorama of beauty. The services at this meeting were very largely attended, and the preaching was strong and Biblical. But little of the old-time altar work was taken. A refreshing day was spent on the lake, in company with Rev. Geo. Sherman and family and a coterie of old parishioners from Baker Memorial Church of Concord. Our fishing experience, especially the results, will not be told in this account.

On Monday evening, August 22, we preached at Sterling camp-ground. This is another favorite ground with us because of the man-

ifestations here of such earnest and simple Christian purpose and devotion. Dr. Lind-sey is an excellent manager upon such occasions. Rev. C. P. Rice chartered at the close of our sermon with thoughtful and inspiring fervor. For those who yearn for the spirit of the old days at the camp-meeting, we gratefully and unhesitatingly advise them to visit Sterling.

On Wednesday morning, August 24, we preached at Ashbury Grove. Rev. Dr. J. O. Knowles, the new presiding elder, seemed to lead the spiritual host to largest success. We were much pleased with the sympathetic and devout spirit exhibited by the large number of ministers present. These lines are written before the full results of the meeting are known, but we are confident that good had been done.

On Friday morning, August 26, we preached at Laurel Park, Northampton. Rev. E. R. Thorndike was in charge, royally sustained by the church and the people at all, made a practice of selling to his weaker man simply for the revenue that he got from it, the captain ordered him to receive the scourging that was usually inflicted upon the drunken sailor. Adherence to this practice cured the drunkenness on board his vessel.

That is putting the punishment where it belongs. It should be visited upon the man that tempts the tempted; upon the man who traffics on human infirmity for gain; upon the man who, with a knowledge of his position, will rob his brother and ruin his home and family. It takes two to make a drunkard—the man who sells liquor, and the man who drinks. There is no temptation like that to the drinker. I heard a man say in England that if he could not get his drink save by giving a finger for it, he would certainly part with the finger for the drink. I heard another man say that if a glass of brandy was within his reach, and he knew that for drinking it he would be sent to jail, he would deliberately swallow the brandy.

But I came near forgetting the latest way in which intemperance is to be treated: A certain Dr. Rainsford, of New York, would have the churches go into the business and thus make it respectable. And it really appears that this man is serious in making the proposition. And it is an Englishman, by birth, that makes such a proposition; and yet he knows that in his native land there is more shocking drunkenness than in this land where there is somewhat of restraint exercised everywhere to limit the sale of liquor.

There are cheering signs in the old world today. Local option will soon be the law in England, Scotland and Ireland, and genuine prohibition will be the next step. The present Parliament is in favor of local option. In New Zealand, the last legislative body passed a law in favor of prohibition, and it was negated by a single vote in the Senate. In Australia a great advance is being made. The foes of prohibition are still retreating the old line that "prohibition does not prohibit" in Maine. A man recently spent a week in Portland investigating the matter. At the end of the week he came to me to declare that the prohibitory law was a failure. I asked him if he had bought any liquor in the city. No, he had visited at two houses and a drug store; they told him that they did not dare to keep it; but that the prohibitory law was a failure. He said that he went into a barber's shop and inquired if there was any place in the city where a thirsty man could buy liquor, and the barber said he did not know of such a place. Three-fourths of our State, Mr. Dow said, is free from the sale of liquor. In some places it is sold on the sly. But I remember that State before the prohibitory law was passed. The law has brought about a transformation for the better all over Maine. It has brought wealth, better public buildings, a better citizenship. I met, a little time ago, a Maine man who went to Wisconsin before the law was passed, and he came back to visit his native land. He said to me, with great gratification, that he should not know the State, because there had been such improvement in property throughout Maine and in the temperance principles of the people. The present generation has grown up without the bad influence of the open saloon, having never seen one in their midst. You that are here from other parts of the country should not believe these lies when they tell you that prohibition in Maine does not prohibit.

Thus the veteran talked for forty minutes, receiving, when he ceased to speak, hearty and prolonged applause. Afterward, the editor of this paper was conscripted by Mr. Munger for a brief address. It is always inspiring to get into the temperance atmosphere of the Pine Tree State.

PERSONALS.

Bishop Galloway, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has returned to this country from his visit to Europe.

A nephew of Cardinal Manning—Mr. Edmund Manning, a young man licensed by a Baptist church in Louisville to preach.

Dr. George E. Strobinger, of New York Conference, is preparing a biography of his father-in-law, the late Rev. Dr. P. K. Kidder.

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worth, an uncle of the poet Longfellow—who first put the punishment in this matter where it should fall, and he was the precursor of the Maine law. In the old times the sailor was served with so much grog as a part of his ration. The sailor who did not drink would sell to the one who did; and so the man who purchased another's grog usually became drunk on it, and by some violent or disorderly act when intoxicated made himself amenable to flogging. This was a very severe penalty. The sailor was stripped to the waist, and the boatswain's mate, with an ugly whip of nine lashes, laid the stripes on until the blood ran down his back, and the flesh was sometimes torn off by the blows. One day Captain Wadsworth was about to order the cat-nine tails for a drunken sailor when he discovered, as his body was bared, that it still bore the ugly marks received the day before. He thus saw that whipping would not cure the drunkard, and he inquired who sold this man his grog? When informed that another sailor, who did not drink at all, made a practice of selling to his weaker man simply for the revenue that he got from it, the captain ordered him to receive the scourging that was usually inflicted upon the drunken sailor. Adherence to this practice cured the drunkenness on board his vessel.

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Bishop Fitzgerald was presented with an elegant gold watch before leaving Minneapolis. Until after the fall Conference the Bishop's address will be at the Methodist Book Concern, New York.

Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, Ph. D., daughter of Rev. J. B. Foote, pastor of the M. E. Church at Sodus, N. Y., has been chosen to fill a chair in the department of English Literature in Chicago University.

Joseph C. Rockwell, formerly professor of Latin in Wesleyan Academy, will remain abroad a second year, during which time he is likely to visit Rome and Athens for purposes of archaeological study.

Mrs. Lavinia Fillmore, widow of Rev. Gilead Fillmore, a noted Methodist preacher who was a cousin of President Millard Fillmore, celebrated her 105th birthday, Aug. 13, at her home in Erie Co., N. Y.

Chief Justice Fuller has been lay reader at St. Mark's Church, Chicago. It is said that every member of the United States Supreme Court has been actively interested in some phase of Christian endeavor.

The Epworth Herald observes that "Rev. H. H. French, D. D., of Minneapolis, and the editor were traveling comrades for several hours the other day. He is a most genial man, and a winning pastor."

Mrs. Mary Bannister Willard, of Berlin, Germany, daughter of the late Dr. Bannister, of Evanson, is visiting this country in the interest of her American friends for girls, which has proved so successful in the German capital.

Rev. David Crow, a supernumerary member of the Central New York Conference, died at Fall City, Neb., Aug. 10. It is said that he was master of twenty-seven languages, and that he was a high authority on Sanscrit.

Rev. Dr. William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the Independent, sailed for England on the "Alaska" last week, to attend the Ninth International Congress of Orientalists, which meets in London, September 5-12.

Edward P. Searles has agreed to give the finest organ on the Pacific Coast to Grace Episcopal Church of San Francisco. It will be built under Mr. Searles' personal supervision. It is estimated the cost will be \$30,000 or \$40,000.

Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost, lately returned from India, preached on a recent Sunday at Northfield. He has accepted a call to the Donald Fraser Church in London. American ministers seem unusually acceptable to London congregations.

President W. F. Warren will comply with the request which has reached him from many important sources, and will republish the articles which recently appeared in our columns upon "The Organic Law of the General Conference" in pamphlet or book form.

The Christian Advocate of Aug. 25 says:—

Rev. A. C. Peck, who has been dean of the University of Denver, has resigned that position, after most efficient service, in a conviction that he must do regular ministerial work, and he has been appointed superintendent of city missions in Denver.

Rev. T. Snowden Thomas, editor of the Pennine Methodist, has been given a pre-eminence numbering 85 from Delaware, the Eastern shore and vicinity, and called at our office on Monday last. The excursion takes in New England and Canada. Bro. Thomas seems to be in excellent health, and reports favorably concerning Methodism on the Peninsula.

The New York Tribune contains the following personal mention:—

General John J. Perry, of Portland, Me., is one of the few surviving Congressmen of the ante-war period. He served two terms in Washington prior to 1861. He is well-informed, is gifted with an excellent memory, and enjoys fine health, and has a wonderful store of reminiscences of the statesmen of that day and generation."

Rev. J. S. Little, of the Vermont Conference, living at Bradford, Vt., was stricken with apoplexy and died on the 24th inst., aged 60 years. He had held the relation of "supernumerary with appointment" to his Conference for two years. Seventeen years ago this good and faithful minister gave us his most hospitable welcome on joining Conference at Danville, Vt. A fitting obituary notice will soon appear in our columns.

We are happy to give currency to the following fact which we find in the Pacific Methodist Advocate of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South:—

Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, one of the "Old Guard," the distinguished historian of American Methodism, bunts up the pastor of our church at Salem, Mass., makes a liberal subscription to our church fund. This is a substantial link."

Mr. C. D. Hammond, of Albany, N. Y., who has represented Troy Conference as lay delegate in the last three General Conferences, has been elected a member of the Board of Control of the Epworth League, for the Second District. Mr. Hammond is general superintendent of the Delaware Valley railroad. His brother, Rev. J. D. Hammond, is in charge of our Book Depository in San Francisco. His father is a retired member of the Genesee Conference.

Wilbur Fisk was born in Brattleboro, Vt. Asking Rev. A. B. Webb, the present apoplexy in that town, if the house in which Fisk was born could be identified, the following reply was received:—

"I have found that Wilbur Fisk was born on what is now called the Brownville road, a very pleasant road, between West of Brattleboro. The house is not now standing, but the ruins of the cellar on which the house stood are still to be seen."

Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., of this city, is a living representative, known and read by observing men of all denominations, of the higher spiritual life. But that he believes also in the St. James type of religion is happily shown in the following fact: He owns an extra house near his summer home in New Hampton, N. H., and has converted it into a vacation resort for poor children from the Hub. He had about twenty youngsters there last week. Two members of his church take care of them.

Rev. Dr. Hiram Buck, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his home in Decatur, Ill., on the 22d, at the age of seventy-four years. He was the best known Methodist clergyman in the West, and was one of the pioneers of Methodism in Illinois, having joined the Conference in 1843. He was born in Steuben County, N. Y., in 1818. He had been a presiding elder for fifty years, and had given large sums of money to endow our institutions of learning in the West.

The Christian Advocate makes the following important announcement in its last issue:—

At the session of the Japan Conference, just held, Rev. Julius Soper was appointed presiding elder of Hakodate District, which embraces the whole island of Yesso. Brother Soper expects to leave Seattle, Pa., where his family will remain, on the 25th inst., and to sail from San Francisco on Sept. 6, in company with Rev. J. Davidson, who leaves his family in California, and is appointed presiding elder of Tokio District. Correspondents will please notify that Rev.

To ministers, \$1.
Address the author at
No. Willbraham, Mass

The Family.

PRINCIPLE AND POLICY.

THESE PARABLES.

Two friends of mine as different as may be! The one I trust—he tells me naught but truth. He guards his stronger hours, no coward he; When I am weak his steadfast face he shows; And urges manfully that I should rise When prone in spirit, tossed in adverse ways. And though his way be hard with no disguise, He shows the end to be a triumph sure. His hope is in his words—a faithful friend, And one who wounds to heal and to inspire. And so I know 'tis best my work to bend, Because some time our work is tried by fire.

The other friend—I hardly call him so—Smiles ever in my face, and tells his heart To rest upon the question, "If I ought." "Take that which seems the easiest; take no part In strife unseemly; look you to yourself. Do that which pleases, calls men to your side. Will you miss popularity for whims? Will you contend with thoughts, lose caste and pride? Let others do the things which call for strife. You close your eyes and let not any tears Of sorrow, wrong or sin disturb your peace. See to yourself and own, and have no fears!"

But Principle, calm-eyed and earnest, speaks: "Do not for present gain lose all beside; The gain of good will not be as you think. We grow in striving, gain in losing pride. The ease we seek is changed to wretched stuff. And right grows bright as we its darkness hold. And others, seeing, choose it for their worth As men choose tried and proven shining gold."

THE CITY OF GOD.

Four-square it lies, with walls of gleaming pearl And gates that are not shut at all by day; There evermore their wings the storm winds furled, And night falls not upon the shining wall. Up which by two and three, and in great throngs, The happy people tread, whose mortal road Led straight to that fair home of endless songs. The city, beautiful and vast, of God.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, the joy, The light, the bloom, of that sweet dwelling-place, Where praise is the joyous and the rapturous employ Of those who there behold God's loving face. Here, freed by so many a tedious and a sad, And bowed by burdens on the weary road, We cannot dream of all the glory there, In that bright city, beautiful, of God.

There some have waited for our coming long, Blown thither on the mystic tide of death, They catch some fragments of our broken song, The while the eternal years are as a breath. There we shall go one glorious day of days, And drop forever every earthly care, And we shall view, undimmed by earth's low haze, The city, beautiful and vast, of God.

In that great city we shall see the King, And tell Him how He took us by the hand And led us, in our weakness, dread and cling, As children who are traveling in the dark. Yet with the mother walk as night comes on, And wish that home were some shorter road, Oh, with what pleasure shall we then be glad, Our Saviour in the city of our God!

—MARGARET E. SANGER, in *Congregationalist*.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

"What is the beginning? Love. What is the course? Love still. What is the goal? The goal is love on the happy hill. Is there nothing then but love, search we sky or earth? There is nothing out of love that hath perpetual worth. All things flag but only love; all things fail or die; There is nothing left but love worthy of us."

Oh, let us not wait to be just or pitiful or demonstrative toward those we love until they or we are struck down by illness, or threatened with death. Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling in the dark journey with us. Oh! be swift to love, make haste to be kind! — *Henri Frédéric Amiel*.

Death and life lie so close together that we cannot come to the end of our furrow without remembering that the summons to drop the hand from the stilt may come for us before the weeds are uprooted by the share, and the field made ready for the harrow. But when the hand falls from the plough, is the task at an end? Surely the very fact that so much of the work of the world is left unfinished and incomplete when death calls is a sad, unanswerable argument for that immortality in which we believe. — *Sunday at Home*.

In the most secret chamber of the castle lay the greatest treasure on earth—the Book of Truth. The wise men had read it through, page after page. Every man may read in this book, but only in fragments. To many the characters seem so mixed in confusion that the words cannot be distinguished. On certain pages the writing often appears so pale or so blurred that the page becomes a blank. The wisest of men become the most, and will read, and those who are wisest read most. — *Hans Christian Andersen*.

The little basket, carried up among the hills, furnished beneath the hand of Christ an ample feast. And no less a marvel does God work with all the pure in heart, who go up into the lonely place to meet Him. Let them have but the poorest pilgrim's unleavened cake of sincerity and faith; and when they have spread their insufficiency before God, and broken it into tiny worthlessness for His blessing to enter, they shall return richer than they came and gather more than they had brought. The smallest spiritual store, taken into the most retired spot, has a self-multiplying power, and it only used with holy trust, will pass the measure of the nature and betray the resources of the Infinite. — *James Martineau*.

All things fulfill their purpose, low or high; There is no failure; death can never come. The least or greatest of the things that are; Until our work is done, we cannot die; When it is done, it matters not how high May be the night-light that is never far. That long ere sunset lights the evening star, Throws its still shadow up into the sky.

Today shall end what yesterday began; What we are planning others yet may build; The leaves may wither, but the tree shall grow; And though, at last, we leave our work undone, Our work will not be less than fulfilled, Our life will not be less than finished so.

— *Chambers' Journal*.

It is only when we see what it is in Him that we can know what the word rest means. It lies not in emotions, nor in the absence of emotions. It is not a balmed feeling that comes over us in church. It is not something that the preacher has in his voice. It is not in nature, or in poetry, or in music—though in all these there is something. It is the mind at leisure from itself. It is the perfect repose of the soul; the absolute adjustment of the inward man to the stress of all outward things; the preparedness against every emergency; the stability of assured conviction; the eternal calm of an invulnerable faith; the repose of a heart set deep in God. It is the mood of the man who says, with Browning, "God's in His heaven, all's well with the world." Two painters each painted a picture to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose for his scene a still, lone lake among the far-off mountains. The second threw on his canvas a thundering waterfall, with a fragile birch tree bending over the foam; at the foot of a branch, almost wet with the catarrh's spray, a robin sat on its nest. The

first was only stagnation; the last was rest. For in rest there are always two elements—tranquillity and energy; silence and turbulence; creation and destruction; fearlessness and fearfulness. This it was in Christ. — *Henry Drummond*.

A friend has many functions. He comes as the brighter into our life to double joys and halve our griefs. He comes as the counselor to give wisdom to our plans. He comes as the strengthener to multiply our opportunities and be hands and feet for us in our absence. But, above all use like this, he comes as our rebuker to explain our failures and shame us from our lowliness; as our purifier, to soothe our ideal, whose life to us is a constant challenge in our heart. "Friend, come up higher—higher along with me; that you and I may be those true lovers who are nearest to God when nearest to each other!" But such a friend as this it may be the one called father, husband, brother, or mother, sister, wife, or simply friend—when such a friend as this does, as we say, go nearer to God, becoming invisible to us, it is wonderful to feel death growing beautiful, the unseen world becoming real, and God's goodness seeming good as never before. It is that vanished one who changes all things so for us, by adding his goodness to the unseen side of things. Noble friends—only the noble probably—have power to leave us this quest; to bequest us a sense of God more real and good, a sense of deathlessness more sure. Therefore we can never know the whole of a friend's blessing until he has died. We are like a circle broken by death, but a circle is really incomplete until another circle friends sit out of sight. — *Rev. W. C. Gannett*.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. WILBUR FISK.

MRS. M. E. BARROWS.
Widow of Rev. L. D. Barrows, D. D.

MY first recollection of Dr. Fisk is when I was at the age of six or seven years. I remember him as a man of medium height, very graceful in figure, but pale, and having a hard cough; yet he had to me an angelic face. I had seen but few Methodist ministers, as there was, I think, no organized Methodist church in my native town—Lempster, N. H.

I listened intently to the conversation with my father and mother, and being fascinated with him, I followed him from the breakfast table to his room, and could hardly keep my hands off the beautiful red morocco "tuck Bible" which lay on his table, and which was to me more wonderful than the most expensive Oxford Bible of today. Dr. Fisk called me, took me upon his knee, and asked me if I went to Sunday-school and if I could repeat some verses from the Bible. In compliance with his request I evidently wearied him by reciting the whole of the first chapter of John. We were required in those days to learn long portions of Scripture, and our teachers were expected to listen to their recital.

After this recitation Dr. Fisk asked my name. I told him it was Minerva Chase. He said, "You have a heathen name, but I hope you will be a little Christian." (I never liked my name so well afterwards.) The advent of this wonderful man to this town was like the visit of a ministering angel. My father's ancestors were Baptist, my mother's Congregational after the old style, and the doctrine of a full salvation from such an ambassador was like a message from the skies. Never shall I forget how, in after years, my pride was wounded when my father and mother distinguished themselves as Methodists by the custom of rising in the congregation during singing and kneeling during prayer.

Dr. Fisk visited every family in town, and there followed a wonderful revival of religion. There being no church edifice for this new sect, he preached in a very large new barn, which was packed with earnest listeners. I can see him now as he stood upon the scaffold, his face all illuminated with the power of the Holy Ghost. After this service he baptized by immersion nineteen happy converts.

Dr. Fisk was at this time presiding elder on a district which included some dozen towns. A. D. Merrill was "preacher in charge," and lived in Unity, N. H. Dr. Fisk was really a missionary having a large parish. It was through his influence that a missionary spirit was awakened in my native town. My mother was so moved by his appeals for the heathen world, that she gave her most cherished jewels into the treasury of the Lord.

The example of this sainted man during all these years has been cherished in my memory, both admonishing and cheering me. The influence of his words point ever to higher attainments in the Christian life. He seems to be with me still—no less a personal presence in old age than in childhood.

UNCOMFORTABLE DAYS.

THERE are so many things occurring in a household of a family of any size to ruffle the feelings of a housewife, that it is not a very easy matter for her to be agreeable at all times. They are usually little things, too trivial to be hardly noticed by most people; nor would they be by the housewife at other times, but when she is in a hurry, or tired and exhausted, it is the little things that chafe and fret her. There are some days when every little thing appears to vex her. She arises in the morning with a general out-of-sorts feeling with everybody and everything around her. She feels that the day is going to be a hard one, and it always is. Everybody seems determined to annoy her. Her head aches; the baby is crosser than usual; everything she tries to cook burns; the fire is either too hot or it won't burn at all. In fact, the whole household is an air of topsy-turvy, and the housekeeper's nerves are on edge.

When speaking to the children she does so in a quick, nervous, impatient way, and the little ones know instantly that mother is not well, and they try to be as still as mice, and come in and out; but let them be as careful as they will, there is always some thoughtless thing they will do that on a day such as this calls from her a sharp reproof. At the end of the day she is sick and discouraged. It is at the close of a day such as this you will hear her say: "Oh, dear; I am heartily discouraged. I have worked all day long, and it doesn't seem as though I have done anything. I am tired to death of it all. I wish I could go away where I would never see a bit of housework again." It would be well for any one to suggest her living at the Fiji Islands, nor would it be really fair; for if left alone, after a good night's rest, she will wake up bright and be her old self again.

In the lives of all housekeepers occur such days, though less frequently in some than in others. It is too bad that there should ever be days such as this, when the comfort and peace of mind of both mother and family are spoiled. The mother really feels worse

over the mistakes and impatient words uttered than any of the family, and her conscience is sore on their account; yet she excuses herself by saying: "I couldn't help it; my nerves were all out of order." There must have been some cause for the nerves being out of order, and this is usually found in the day preceding. On this day she arose feeling fresh and bright to begin her day's labors. She felt just like working, and went about it willingly and cheerfully. When the afternoon came she felt tired enough to stop, and that is what she should have done. But no; she kept right on because there was something she wanted to finish, and at the end of the day she was too tired to eat, and to bed exhausted in body and mind, to arise the next morning with nerves unstrung, to spend a miserable day herself and make the rest of the family uncomfortable.

When a woman feels like working, why, to be sure, when she is able, this is what she ought to do; but when she feels tired enough to sit down, it is time she changed her dress and took a little recreation. To be sure, there are some things that once begun can not be dropped until finished, and the housewife cannot help being exhausted when they are done. In a case such as this, and, in fact, any case when she arises with her nerves out of order, and a distaste for the housework, the best remedy is to get through with the labor as easily as possible. No matter if she does neglect something that she thinks ought to be done. She should take all the rest she possibly can, for that will be what she needs most. By doing this she will be able to finish a really big deal of annoyance and discomfort. — *Selected*.

ABOUT WOMEN.

—Lilloukalani, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, is so ardent a temperance advocate that she will have no wines or spirituous liquors at her dinners or receptions.

—Miss Elizabeth U. Yates, of Round Pond, Me., has lately been giving addresses before summer assemblies in Pennsylvania.

—In New York last year 1,434 husbands procured divorces from their wives on the ground of drunkenness. During the same year 12,432 wives procured divorces from their husbands on the same charge.

—Mrs. S. F. Grubb, president of the Kansas W. C. T. U., has spoken eighty-eight times in her own State, and held ten conventions, since she was made president last year. She has never omitted the subject of temperance work by farmers' wives.

—Mrs. S. M. Perkins, of Cleveland, Ohio, has just completed a course of literary lectures, on consecutive Monday afternoons. They were given in parlors, the last at the house of Mrs. Holmes, on Euclid Avenue. They were well attended and highly appreciated.

—Mrs. J. F. Jenkins, of Los Angeles, Cal., is preparing for exhibition at the World's Fair a tapestry picture representing the surrender of Mary Queen of Scots to the confederate lords, in 1567. The study is six by four feet, and will contain, when completed, the figures of 35 men and women, four horses, four banners, a large tree, with a foreground of grass, shrubbery and other accessories. The queen is mounted on a horse elegantly caparisoned, her costume being of royal purple. Mounted attendants follow, wearing Highlanders in bright Scotch plaids, with little axes and spears. Mrs. Jenkins began her work eight years ago.

—Women have been voting for twenty years in Wyoming," says Senator Warren of that State, "and there is not a better governed community from one end of the land to the other. For the first time they will vote this year on a choice of a president, and I will vouch for their judgment and independence. I believe the day is coming when every State will see the injustice and disadvantage of denying political rights because of sex."

—The women of Minneapolis, believing that a more intimate knowledge of one another's work would result in larger mutual sympathy and greater unity of thought, and therefore in more effective action, have formed a "Council of Women's Organizations" as a means of promoting work of common interest. Any society of women of Minneapolis, the nature of whose work is satisfactory to the executive committee, may become a member of this council, by endorsing the constitution and paying an annual fee of \$2. Forty-seven societies have joined the council. These include literary clubs, societies of art, history, temperance, philanthropy, educational, church and scientific societies and reform clubs.

A unique and pretty charity which flourishes in England during the summer is the Sea Shell Mission. Princess Victoria Mary of Teck is its nominal, if not its acting, president, and other distinguished people lend their patronage to it. But it is the English children who carry it along. Everywhere on the coast the little folks may be seen with bags, baskets and pails, which they are using to pick up shells and pretty stones for the other little children who have never seen the sea. The secretary reports sending out over 30,000 boxes and bags of shells and sea curios, which will have meant amusement and occupation in many dreary little lives and through many dreary hours.

—Miss Calhoun, one of the most expert money handlers in the treasury department at Washington, has the remarkable record of counting \$5,000 coins in a single day, each coin passing through her hands, and so delicate has her sense of touch become that, should there be a counterfeit coin in the lot, she would detect it even when counting at this tremendous rate. She spreads the coins upon a large plate of glass, and draws them off with the tips of her fingers, one, two, three, or four at a time, as she pleases, for her four fingers are all equally educated for the work. Her eyes have nothing to do with the detection of false coins. Her fingers do it all.

—Madame Dimalof, the wife of the distinguished French explorer, has accompanied him on all his expeditions. She wears men's clothes, having become accustomed to them in her journeying through wild regions, and she has obtained from the French government a special authorization to wear male attire upon the streets of Paris. To gain this she and her husband affirmed that to the best of their belief it was absolutely necessary to her health to continue to wear the garments to which she had become accustomed. At the same time she does not approve of women making this change in their apparel unless circumstances force them to it.

—Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, of San Francisco, has taught an adult Bible class for more than forty years. She now has in the First Congregational Church at San Francisco a class with a membership of over 300 intelligent men and women. Visitors from all over the country may be seen in this class from Sabbath to Sabbath. Her method of teaching is Socratic, and her power to draw out the thought of those present is to be feared by the most daring teachers. Her work of the Golden Gate Association has been an inspiration in this notable class. Over ten thousand little children have been trained in the kindergartens founded by this association.

SILENCED BY A PRAYER.

"WE were a round dozen of the gloomiest passengers that ever got together in a Pullman car one warm June night coming up from Atlanta over the Piedmont line," says a writer in the *Philadelphia Times*. "There were several reasons for the early dullness, which deepened as the evening wore on. The weather was clammy and uncomfortable, while to open the windows was to invite a coat of soot and showers of cinders. Moreover, the supper at Charlotte had been undeniably bad."

"With such conditions it was not to be wondered at that an air of gloomy morose-

ness pervaded the car. The only party who did not openly evince any evidence of discontent was a group of a sad-faced man, a woman with a subdued countenance, and a tiny tot of five, apparently the daughter of the man and the niece of the lady. We all knew well enough why they were so quiet. In the baggage car was a rough box, and the little girl clutched tightly a bouquet of the same tuberoses we had seen carried in with the coffin."

By and by there were sounds of a slight disturbance from the back part of the car, which caused every one to turn his eyes thither. In the middle of the aisle stood a little fairy form, clad in a snowy night-dress, her golden curls shaking over her shoulders by the rocking of the car, while her blue eyes were troubled and half aloft in tears. She was saying in a baby voice, which appeared to cause to rise to its highest pitch, distinguishable above the rumble of the train: "Papa and auntie, I must; mamma told me to before she went to sleep." Seeing the attention of the other passengers drawn upon them, the father flushed and made no further remonstrance, and the lady also drew back. The little tot got down reverently upon her knees by the side of the berth, clasped her tiny hands, and began:—

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
And so on through it all until the final 'Amen,' adding: 'God bless papa and auntie and poor little Annie, whose mamma has gone away.'"

"The unreeling, they tucked her into the berth. There was no more story telling, no more grumbling, no more growling that night. The train rumbled on with the sleeping mother in the baggage car and the sleeping orphan." — *Christian Advocate*.

THE FADED LILY.

THE flower of your home has faded! Folded hands, silent lips, and a little casket covered with rose and myrtle, are all that is left to you of the dear departed. Suddenly the world has grown dark, and your way grown very lonely. Let me sit down with you and take your hand. Let me speak as one who has five times tasted the same sorrow, and would gladly share the same joy that Jesus gave with it. His loving hand rests upon you and He says:—

1. "It is I who have gone down into the garden gathering lilies." Yes, He feedeth among lilies. He gave you your child for a season, and He has but taken the flower. He planted. The time and the way were His. You may chide yourself with the reflection, if I had only known this and done that, or something else had been different, this sorrow would have been spared me; but no, the Lord came in His own time. He took His own way. He has done all things well.

2. "It is well with the child." Not dead, but that pale, powerless thing that lies so very still, waiting burial, is not what you loved. This is but the dress once worn by the immortal part. The dress lies folded in your arms, but that which you loved, that which loved you, and which made your darling dear to others, is not dead. The sunlight of his face, the joy of its presence, came from the soul within. That lives. It will make the spiritual body as much more beautiful than the earthly, as heaven is better than earth. You regard your plans thwarted, which you have formed for your child; but they are carried out, in fact, on a higher plane. You dreamed of books, teachers, travel, the best society and best culture for your son or daughter. Heaven has them all. You fondly longed for the companionship of the child, which would be yours in the evening of life. Heaven extinguishes no pure affection, quenches no sweet memory, and the whole family of Christ, young and old, above, below, forget not each other. The saints before the altar are watching, waiting, praying. If you are Christ's there is comfort unspeakable for you here. And when the faded flower shall freshen, nevermore to fade, your hand shall hold it again, above.

3. "Can you trust Me?" Jesus asks you. If for the first time in all your life, say yes, wholly—and all will be peace. Remembering your sorrow will leave no sting. When the clouds return after the rain, the bow of His love will brighten them. Follow your head on His bread. Trust Him. Seek satisfaction rather than comfort. Go now to the garden that has in it the sepulchre. Though trembling, go trustfully, and, like Mary, you shall return even from the tomb with great joy, having seen the Lord. — *Dr. E. P. Whiting*.

Little Folks.

THE STORY OF GRUMBLE TONE.

There was a boy named Grumble Tone who ran away to sea. "I'm sick of things on land," he said, "as sick as I can be!"

A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like me!"

The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate his mirth. For he thought the vessel nor the dizzy, rolling sea.

And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight, But nothing that he heard or saw, seemed just exactly right.

And so he journeyed on and on, still seeking for delight. He talked with kings and ladies fair; he dined in courts and ate; But always found the people dull, and longed to get away.

To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair grew white as snow. He reached that final bound at last where all of us must go. But never found the land he sought. The reason was you know!

The reason was that north or south, where'er his hope were bent, For he had his disposition with him everywhere he went. — *Selected*.

HOW MOLLY LED HIM.

KATE S. OATES.

"MISS WINSLOW, I do wish that I could help some one to be a Christian! It must be beautiful; but I never shall, I know," and Mollie sighed despondently.

"Why not?" asked Miss Winslow. "I do not know, Mollie. Perhaps none of us know just what acts of ours may help. We can only do 'ye next things' faithfully, and leave the results to Him. It may be we should all help others more if we thought less of doing them good and more of being found faithful in that which is least as well as great. Strive earnestly to do just as you think Christ would want you to in everything, Mollie, and I feel sure some day you will find that you have helped some one."

Mollie's merry face was unwontedly grave as she bade her Sunday-school teacher goodbye and went her own way alone. There were so many she wanted to help—her

brother Tom particularly. She knew mamma and papa were anxious about him; he was beginning to like to go down street evenings, and be round with fellows they did not like. Oh, if she could only help him! But she couldn't; he would never pay any attention to her, she knew.

"Well," she thought rather sadly, "if I cannot help any one, I will try to do as Miss Winslow said, though I think she is mistaken. I could not possibly help any one that way."

Just behind Mollie, unknown to her, was Tom.

"I wonder what the midget is thinking of," he said to himself. "She looks as sober as a deacon. Something to do with that silver cross business, I presume. It won't last long probably; still, the little puss is so sweet and earnest about it now, that it makes me feel ashamed of myself. I shouldn't like to have mother or her hear the boys talk sometimes," and Tom sighed more gloomily than Mollie had.

She had very little idea how closely her brother was watching her; she never dreamed that he saw her efforts to do every little duty faithfully. He was in the kitchen eating apples when she put the oatmeal pail up only half clean, because she was in a hurry to get out with Annie Smith. He gave a little low whistle when he saw her hesitate, and then take it out and wash it clean. He knew in some way that she gave up going on a little picnic with the girls because she found mamma had planned to go away that day, and could not unless she stayed at home with Robby.

One afternoon when Tom and Mollie happened to be at home alone, Will and Clara Marshall, who lived across the street, came over to call. Will was home from the city on his vacation, and both Tom and Mollie felt rather in awe of him.

"Tell you what it is," he said, presently, "let's have a game of cards to pass away the time. Play, don't you, Tom?"

Tom colored and hesitated. "I—know how a little," he said. "All right! Come on, Mollie! We can show you how in a trice. I've some cards in my pocket."

"Four little Mollie! How her heart beat, and how she did wish that they had not wanted her to play. For one instant she hesitated. What harm could it do to play just once? Will would be sure to make fun of her if she did not, and it was so hard for her to be laughed at. Then she remembered her talk with Miss Winslow. She was to do everything just as she thought: Christ would have her. That settled it. He would never have her do what she knew mamma would disapprove.

"I'm sorry, but I can't play cards, Will," she said, bravely. "Mamma does not like them."

Will looked up with a half laugh, but Tom stopped him. "It is so, Will, and I ought to have been mean enough to have said so myself; but if my little sister will brace me up, I'll try to be more courageous hereafter."

"I say, Mollie," said Tom when they were alone, "I want to try with you. Couldn't you take hold of hands and help a fellow along a little?"

"O Tom!" sobbed Mollie. "I am so glad, but I couldn't help you. I would if I could." "Well, you have; and just keep on, please," answered Tom rather huskily. "You have made me ashamed of myself forty times a day. I haven't been just the kind of fellow I ought to be lately, but I'll turn over a new leaf if I can."

"I'm so thankful," said Mollie again; "but, Tom, you must ask God to help you, won't you?"

"Yes," whispered Tom, as he kissed Mollie and then ran off upstairs to his own room.

"O Miss Winslow," said Mollie, next Sunday, "it doesn't seem possible; but Tom says I did really help him just by trying to do everything, even the little bits of things, faithfully, as you said. He says he wouldn't have paid any attention if I had tried to talk to him; but he watched me, and those things made him think I was really in earnest, and now he is trying. Oh, I just can't tell you how happy I am!"

HEALTH NOTES.

A Day in Bed.

We are naturally given to contempt and despise the idea of remaining in bed when our health is good, and all our vital forces are in fair working order. Apart from the matter of ordinary sleep, we never, as a rule, think of "a day in bed," either as preservative of health or as conducive to longevity. Yet I am convinced there is much to be said in favor of "a day in bed" now and then as an aid to health in the middle-aged, and as a measure tending to prolong life in the old.

The statement has been made of a very old lady who had reached her nineteenth year, and who was of the opinion that she owed her vitality to her habit of spending at least two days of each week in bed. Now, whether this assertion be true or not as to its effects upon the venerable dame, I can conceive of nothing so conducive to her welfare as this practice of obtaining for body and mind such a period of perfect rest. In bed, the whole muscular system is at ease, and the wear and tear of the body is reduced to a minimum. The processes of getting rid of waste matters are in abeyance; there is less waste to get rid of, and lungs, skin and kidneys have a measure of comparative repose. The nervous system, above all, is soothed and comforted by the "day in bed." Anxious and worrisome disappear after the rest, and the individual returns to the work-a-day world refreshed and renovated, physically and mentally, in a degree such as the action of no medicines could have accomplished. In a word, the person who enjoys "a day in bed" is in the position of an engine whose fires are damped down, and whose energies are recruiting for the renewal of the work of tomorrow.

There need be little hesitation, then, in saying that, for old persons, "a day in bed" is a health-measure of vast importance. If the aged person is wise, he (or she) will make it a regular practice to spend a couple of days per week in the repose which a sojourn in bed alone can give. Rest in a chair or on a sofa will not suffice. These procedures are too nearly akin to the every-day practice to be of any service. Countless temptations to exertion await the person who is out of bed; while, conversely, if he is in bed, the idea of work or of labor and movement is essentially abolished. Such repose is absolute; and if rest be a good medicine, as all know it is, for old folks, "a day in bed," as a regular and not occasional practice, may be regarded as invaluable beyond comprehension.

I go further in my advocacy of "a day in bed" as a health measure. I happen to know the case of a busy man whose life is one long period of physical and mental activity, and who has found, of late years, that no measure possesses anything like the recuperative effects which follow a day's rest in bed. Even

in his holiday season this person is given to taking an occasional siesta in his bedroom. Provided with light literature he enjoys his repose as another man delights in an outing, and his mental and physical energy is recruited in an easy and satisfactory manner by this practice. Hence, not for the old alone, but for those in middle life, "a day in bed" may be recommended as a measure worth trying in the light of physiological experience of its value. . . . I affirm, without fear of contradiction, that, when occasional efforts and business allow, there is no measure which will repair the body and recruit the mind of the middle-aged more readily or more thoroughly than the simple expedient of remaining "a day in bed." — *Herald of Health*.

Farm and Garden.

CARE OF THE FARM.

JAMES V. C. HYDE.

THIS is a rather large subject, and we do not propose to discuss it in all its bearings in this brief article. As we go about New England, we observe the condition of farms and the apparent neglect of their owners in certain directions. The one we have in mind is that which

Bushes and Noxious Growth.
are allowed to flourish along the walls and about rocks in the fields. These often occupy some of the very best land on the farm, furnishing a safe retreat and breeding place for woodchucks, rabbits, etc.

But even that is not the worst of it. When such growths are allowed, the wild cherry and wild apple tree spring up and furnish the best of breeding places for caterpillars and other insects injurious to vegetation.

Now, with such facts staring the farmer in the face, what possible excuse can he have for allowing such a state of things to continue? In some cases we believe it to be from mere selfishness; in others, it may be from want of time; but neither one excuse nor the other is valid. It will be said that it costs time and money to clear off such objectionable growths, and that is true if they have been allowed to get a strong foothold; but even if it does, it will be for the interest of the farmer to have the work thoroughly done. On some farms good pastures have become comparatively worthless from neglect to mow each year the bushes that will naturally spring up in the course of time. If the mowing is done each year in August—and better just before a storm—many of the roots will be killed out and all will be so checked in growth as not to prove exceedingly troublesome. When bushes and foul growths have trampled upon cultivated fields, the roots should be

Pulled or Dug Up.
and destroyed. This is somewhat expensive, but it is the only absolutely sure way of getting rid of the same. It has been often remarked that "no man can afford to grow weeds," and the remark is equally true in regard to bushes, etc., along the fences and elsewhere on the farm where

The Sunday School.

THIRD QUARTER, LESSON XI.

Sunday, September 11.

Acts 8: 26-40.

REV. W. O. HOLMES, U. S. N.

PHILIP AND THE ETHIOPIAN.

I. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3: 36).

2. DATE: A. D. 37; immediately after the last lesson.

3. PLACE: The desert region, southwest of Jerusalem, near Gaza.

4. HOME READINGS: Monday—Acts 8: 26-40. Tuesday—Acts 8: 26-40. Wednesday—Acts 8: 26-40. Thursday—Acts 8: 1-11. Friday—1 Cor. 1: 18-25. Saturday—Matt. 3: 7-17. Sunday—1 Cor. 1: 1-11.

II. Introductory.

Philip's work was not confined to Samaria. In obedience to a divine direction he went to the great highway leading from Jerusalem to Gaza, through the southwestern desert. There he encountered another traveler on the same road, an Ethiopian eunuch, a high official, the treasurer of Queen Candace, who ruled the great monarchy in the south of Egypt, whose capital was at Meroe. This official was riding in his chariot on his return from the Holy City, which he had visited for purposes of worship, and was occupying his time in studying, in the Septuagint version, a portion of Isaiah's prophecy. Prompted by an immediate suggestion of the Spirit, Philip hastened to the chariot, and on hearing the words which the official was at that moment reading aloud, he inquired of him if he understood their import. The eunuch confessed his need of an interpreter and invited the evangelist to take a seat at his side. The Scripture which perplexed him was that pathetic prophecy of the Messiah being "led as a sheep to the slaughter." To whom do these words refer? he inquired. Was it Isaiah who was thus inhumanly put to death, or was it some other future and greater person? Taking the prophecy as a text, Philip preached unto him Jesus.

So convincingly did Philip interpret the great scheme of prophecy, and so cogent were his proofs that Jesus was the promised Messiah, that his devout listener yielded a hearty assent to the truth; and on reaching a pool of water by the roadside, he requested Philip to baptize him in his new faith. Without feeling, or at least hesitating, any of the mental scruples which would have made Peter or James hesitate under such circumstances, Philip complied, and administered the rite. "The law of Deuteronomy," says Farrar, "forbade him to become a member of the Jewish church, but Philip admitted him into that Christian communion in which there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither male nor female, neither bond nor free."

The baptism over, Philip suddenly disappeared—was miraculously conveyed away—so that the eunuch found himself unaccountably separated from his providential teacher and minister. He did not attempt to search for him, but proceeded on his way "rejoicing" in his new sense of acceptance and salvation. Philip found himself at Azotus (Ashdod) and starting there preached the glad tidings along the coast as far north as Caesarea.

III. Expository.

26. The (R. V., "an") angel of the Lord.—The language here is not figurative; it refers not to an inward impulse, nor to a vision or dream. Angels were visibly manifested in the early days of the church. Alfred and Meyer maintain that "Luke narrates an actual angelic appearance that spoke literally to Philip." Spake unto Philip—while he was in Samaria. Unto the way that he went down.—The direction would be first south and then southwest. The particular road was indicated by the words, "the same as desert" (R. V.), which apply not to Gaza but to the road. Three principal roads led to Gaza; the southern passed through Eleutheropolis, and seems to fit the conditions of the narrative. "This desert way gave opportunity for the eunuch to read the Scripture, and to Philip to baptize him without attracting observation" (Abbott). Desert—thinly settled.

Gaza (meaning "the strong") was a "strongly fortified Philistine city, situated on the Mediterranean Sea. It was conquered and destroyed by Alexander the Great, a fact which, after many vicissitudes, befell it afresh under the Jewish king Alexander Jannæus, in B. C. 98. rebuilt a New Gaza further to the south by the Prosennan (Gaza) (B. C. 98), the city was incorporated with the province of Syria. It renewed, though not total, destruction by the Jews occurred not long before the siege of Jerusalem (Meyer).

27. Arose and went—unquestioning obedience. Ethiopia—the wealthy district south of Egypt, the Hebrew "Cush," the modern Nubia, Sennar, and part of Abyssinia. A eunuch of great authority.—Says Whedon: "The word etymologically signifies 'a couch-keeper,' or 'chamberlain,' and designates a class of mutilated men who are in the East appointed to guard the harems. As in the palace of the prince each person often gained the personal confidence of the despot and became his chief adviser, so the very word 'eunuch' was often used of officers of State who belonged not to this inferior class." Candace—a royal or dynastic title like Pharaoh or Caesar, rather than a proper name. Queens ruled at Meroe, the fertile island formed by two branches of the Nile, in the south of Egypt, for several centuries. Had the charge of all (R. V., "was over all") her treasure—high treasurer. In those days treasure-houses and even treasure-cities were common. The man of the kingdom, the one who accumulated wealth, was the eunuch. Come to Jerusalem.—worship—a distance of more than twelve hundred miles. He had probably come up to the Feast of Tabernacles, and was a "prosyte of the gate." Farrar thinks there is reason for believing that Ethiopia "had been to a certain degree converted to Judaism by Jews who penetrated into it from Egypt in the days of Ptolemæus." Ethiopian tradition gives to this man the name of Indich, and makes him the first evangelist of his country.

The walls of partition were one after another being thrown down; the Samaritans were already in full possession of the Gospel; it was next to be shown that none of those physical incapacities, which excluded from the congregation of the Lord under the Old Covenant, formed any bar to Christian baptism and the inheritance among believers, and thus the way gradually

was prepared for the great and as yet incomplete truth of Galatians 3: 28 (Alford).

28-31. Was returning.—He had doubtless heard about Stephen's martyrdom, and about Jesus and his claims, and Pentecost, and the rising church. Was reading Esaias the prophet (R. V., "the prophet Isaiah")—not simply because the rabbi prescribed the study of the Scriptures for those traveling without a companion, but because he was deeply interested and touched by Isaiah's prediction. Orientals commonly read aloud. His version, as appears from the quotation, was the Greek, or Septuagint, well known at that time in Egypt. The Spirit said.—an inward and unmistakable direction of the Spirit. Join thyself—or "attach thyself;" don't leave this chariot for a moment. Me. Philip ran.—Notice the slowness of his obedience. Understandest thou what thou readest?—The play upon the words in the Greek does not appear in the English. Whedon suggests this parallel: "Heedest what thou readest?" This bright way of putting it was meant by Philip "to arouse the mind through the ear" (Hackett). How can I? etc.—Notice the eunuch's earnestness and humility and docility. Desired (R. V., "besought") Philip.—Come up.—He does not stand upon dignity. The truth is so dear to him that its interpreter is gladly invited to share his state and seat.

A thousand difficulties might have been started in the mind of Philip if he had reflected a little. The eunuch was a stranger; he had the appearance of a man of rank; he was engaged in reading; he might be indisposed to be interrupted, or to converse, etc. But Philip obeyed without any hesitation the motions of the Spirit, and ran to him. It is well to follow the first suggestion of the Spirit; to yield to the clear indications of duty, and perform it at once (Barnes).

32, 33. The place of the Scripture.—Pumptre, Whedon and others understand this to refer to one of the fifty-four "sections" into which the Prophets were divided for reading in the public service after Antiochus forbade the Law to be read; Meyer and Hackett contend that simply the "passage," not the "section," is here referred to. Led as a sheep to the slaughter—unmistakably fulfilled by Christ in His non-resistance, patience, silence, and submission to a sacrificial death. In his humiliation his judgment, etc.—"In the contempt, violence, outrage which He suffered, the rights of justice and humanity were withheld from Him" (Hackett). He was not allowed a fair trial. Says Glog: "Jesus appeared in a form so humble, a man so poor and insignificant, that Pilate, though convinced of His innocence, thought it not worth while to hazard anything to preserve His life." Who shall declare his generation?—variously interpreted to mean, "Who shall declare His posterity?" (Meyer). "Who shall describe the wickedness of His generation, or contemporaries?" (Hackett, Alford, DeWette, Robinson). "Who shall declare His ineffable generation as the everlasting Son of the Father?" (Schaff). "Who will care to bestow thought on a career so prematurely cut short?" (R. Payne Smith). His life is taken, etc.—language indicating a violent death.

The quotation is from Isaiah 53: 7, 8, and is from the Septuagint or Greek version. The original prophecy was uttered seven centuries before the event, and its direct application to the popular belief respecting the Messiah. It is so unmistakable that Bollingbroke asserted that Christ brought about His own crucifixion, in order to enable His disciples to appeal to the prophecy which He had thus fulfilled (Abbott).

34, 35. Of whom speaketh the prophet?—Here was the kernel of his difficulty, and Philip's opportunity. Opened his mouth—indicating that he was about to say something weighty and impressive. Preached unto him Jesus—from the Messianic text of the prophecy. Philip doubtless told of Jesus' death, His treatment under indignities, His previous life, His resurrection and ascension, the perfect accord of prophecy with these events, and the conditions of faith and baptism demanded of those who would be His followers.

The earlier Jewish authorities all understood chap. 53 of Isaiah to refer to the coming Messiah; the later Jewish writers treat it either as a continuation of Jeremiah or of Isaiah, or as referring to the writer himself, or as fulfilled in and by the suffering inflicted upon the Jewish nation as a nation. These interpretations need no other refutation than that contained in the chapter itself. The nation, as a nation, was not cut off from the land of the living, nor had its grave with the wicked, nor saw its seed and prolonged its days; nor can it be said of the nation that its suffering was for others; it was a just punishment for its own sins (L. Abbott).

36-38. Unto a certain water.—Early Christian tradition (Eusebius and Jerome) locate this pool of water at Beth-Sar, about 20 miles south of Jerusalem, near Hebron; but there can be no certainty at the site. See (R. V., "behind") here is water (or "spring") Behold water!—a graphic touch. The very sight of water reminded him of the missionary rite. What doth hinder?—Says Bengel: "Faith within and water without were ready." The evangelist had doubtless instructed the eunuch as to the necessity of baptism. Philip said, If thou believest, etc.—This verse is omitted entire in the Revised Version and put only in the margin. Though regarded by the best critics as an interpolation, it is as old as the time of Irenæus, who quotes it. Meyer suggests it was taken from a primitive baptismal liturgy. It certainly could not be rejected from the text for untruthfulness. Went down both.—Probably the eunuch had a retinue who were not interested in the proceedings. Baptized him—by what method we are not told, and it is but of little consequence.

Who must not aid the decision of character here manifested? The situation of the eunuch as a leading person in a great empire might seem to have justified his desiring such a step till he had received in all its bearings, and formed his judgment upon the maturest considerations. But his mind and conscience were convinced, and he would not give opportunity to Satan to get advantage over him; he, therefore, "conferred not with flesh and blood," but gave heed to the instant and unceasing voice of God (Simcox).

39, 40. Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip.—a clear supernatural removal (so Abbott, Meyer, Whedon, and others). The Greek word is the same as that employed by St. Paul in speaking of his being "caught up to the third heaven" (2 Cor. 12: 2-4). For similar cases see 1 Kings 18: 12; 2 Kings 2: 11. Saw him no more.—Says Bengel: "He no more saw, nor cared to see, Philip, by reason of joy." He who has obtained the Scripture and Christ can now dispense with a human guide. Philip was found at Azotus—or Ashdod, a Philistine city, about midway between Gaza and Joppa, and about 60 miles west of Jerusalem. Azotus, Ram, Joppa and Lydda. Caesarea.—on the Mediterranean, about 70 miles northwest of Jerusalem.

How far the church was instrumental in spreading the Gospel among its countrymen we know not; for our information of the planting of Christianity in Abyssinia and Sennar dates only from the fourth century. But his story is most memorable as a leading example of individual conversion and as a lesson not to limit God's methods of working. Meanwhile Philip went on his mission to the cities of the Philistines.

and endeavored to dissuade us from going. He urged that it would affect our attainments and standing, and might prevent our passing an examination at the close of the year, but we still firmly adhered to our desire to go. Then the Doctor resorted to that subtle sarcasm of which he was a master, and said, "Bro. Rust, what makes you so anxious to go to that radical convention? have you been invited, or are you proposing, to make an address?" As if an inexperienced freshman would presume to address an able body of Christian philanthropists! To this I modestly replied, "No, Doctor, but the publicity of the fact that we come from Wesleyan University, and represent the anti-slavery students under your care, will secure for us the respect and consideration of the convention." The permission of attendance was granted and the presence of the University delegates at the convention was recognized in a flattering manner. By a favoring Providence the delegates passed successfully through the ordeal of examination at the close of the year, received the commendation of the examining committee, and the cheers of their classmates.

Dr. Fisk was one of the best preachers that this country has ever produced. He was favored by nature with a rare combination of qualities essential to a public speaker. He was commanding in stature, beautiful in appearance, and saintly in spirit. His intellect was broad, acute, and symmetrical; his imagination chaste and brilliant, and his heart sympathetic and pure. His whole being had been developed under the influence of the Christian religion. In the pulpit, absorbed in a favorite theme, with his convincing logic, thrilling eloquence and tender appeals, he would sway his vast audiences as the winds sway the forests. On camp-meeting occasions wonderful effects followed his preaching. Only Dr. Olin, a successor in the presidency of the University, rivaled him as a Christian philosopher and pulpit orator. Both of these distinguished men were the gift of Vermont Methodism; and both of them, at much personal sacrifice, consecrated their great abilities and best efforts to laying a broad and deep foundation for a Christian university in which, for all coming time, our youth may be trained for usefulness and heaven.

Dr. Fisk was not only a pioneer in our educational work, but he was one of the greatest and most successful educators our church has ever had. In the establishment of Wesleyan Academy he furnished a model for academic schools all over the country; and in building up Wesleyan University he translated experimenting into realization, and in spite of all embarrassments established and equipped a first-class college.

The influence of Wilbur Fisk and the University have been felt for good all over our own and in foreign lands. If you would understand their power, eliminate from the church and the nation the vast influence set in operation by its students. They may be found in prominent places of power all over this world, and Methodism will not do justice to herself until she shall erect some grand monument to the memory of her distinguished son, for the far-seeing wisdom and fidelity exhibited by him in establishing institutions of learning for the spread of Scriptural holiness over these lands.

WILBUR FISK'S Experience of Sanctification. PROF. GEO. PRENTICE. In his "Life of Wilbur Fisk."

HE attended a camp-meeting held at Wellfleet, Cape Cod, the 10th of August, 1819. To interpret what happened to Mr. Fisk there, one should bear in mind the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification, Christian perfection, or perfect love. This doctrine Wilbur Fisk held so strongly that he had given this belief to his betrothed, Miss Peck, as one of the reasons why he felt compelled to enter the Methodist ministry. In a record made August 19th he tells his experiences at that meeting. He had been earnestly longing for more of God, yet went to the meeting without any special impression. Tuesday he rather looked on than joined in the worship. As he was passing one of the Boston tents, a lady asked him to stay in the tent. She then told him that, on the way down, an assurance had been given her that Mr. Fisk would receive the blessing of a holy heart at that meeting. "Her words thrilled through me in an indescribable manner. I wept a few moments, I trembled, I fell. But Satan drew a veil of unbelief over my mind. They prayed for me, but all was dark—my heart was harder than ever." And so the struggle went on, growing in its intensity and depth, until fearfulness and anguish laid hold upon him. He was beset with a sudden fear that he should never possess that most priceless pearl, a clean heart, but certain passages of Scripture seemed to break the force of such fears.

WILBUR FISK AS I KNEW HIM.

REV. R. S. RUST, D. D.

WILBUR FISK, D. D., in the days of my boyhood, was the most distinguished representative of Methodism in New England. He entered the ministry fresh from college, with a heart fully consecrated to the service of Christ, and with rare intellectual powers cultivated and enriched by thorough training and study, at a period when college graduates among us might have been numbered by the fingers on one's hand. All eyes were turned to him as the leader of our educational enterprises, and great joy was experienced when, in accordance with the Divine will, he entered upon this grand work in the establishment of our Academy at Wilbraham and our University at Middletown.

My personal knowledge of Dr. Fisk commenced in a visit to Middletown while a student at Wilbraham, in company with Father Ascher, a superannuated preacher of Vermont, a personal friend of Dr. Fisk, at the suggestion of a class of students soon to enter college. The object of the interview was to ascertain whether our rights and privileges as Abolitionists would be respected provided we should enter the University. The anti-slavery discussion was then at its height, and was characterized by great severity and bitterness. Dr. Fisk's love for the peace and harmony of the church led him to take strong conservative ground in this controversy. Though strongly opposed to slavery, he disapproved the measures of those urging immediate emancipation, and gave his influence to the Colonization Society and all efforts contemplating the gradual overthrow of slavery. He and the University became the target for radical anti-slavery writers, and misrepresentations on both sides muddled the heads of our young students that he thought it advisable to learn the true state of affairs at the University from its president. Dr. Fisk gave me a hearty welcome and assured me that the anti-slavery students should have freedom of thought and speech, and that nothing should be done to interfere with their convictions of duty. The fairness and kindness of that great man, though he was not quite up to my standard on the anti-slavery question, removed all our objections to entering the University, and a friendship sprang up between us which was strengthened all through life by his kind consideration.

As a result of this conference we entered the University in 1837, enjoyed every advantage in the prosecution of our studies, and were graduated in 1841.

We organized in our freshman year an anti-slavery society, and one of our professors (Huber) became its president. We discussed slavery in all its bearings, colonization, and all other topics that we chose, without any restriction. It must be remembered that at this time there were many students in the University from the South, yet we all had fair play, and there were no restrictions enforced upon students from the South. A junior applied to Dr. Fisk for the use of the chapel for an abolition discussion with members of the freshman class, to which the Doctor replied, "You have made the use of the chapel, but if you know when you are well off you will let those Abolitionists severely alone." The discussion did not come off.

Henry W. Adams and myself were elected delegates to the Utica convention, memorable in the anti-slavery struggle of our church. Dr. Fisk did not approve of the convention, deemed it revolutionary in its tendencies, and endeavored to dissuade us from going. He urged that it would affect our attainments and standing, and might prevent our passing an examination at the close of the year, but we still firmly adhered to our desire to go. Then the Doctor resorted to that subtle sarcasm of which he was a master, and said, "Bro. Rust, what makes you so anxious to go to that radical convention? have you been invited, or are you proposing, to make an address?" As if an inexperienced freshman would presume to address an able body of Christian philanthropists! To this I modestly replied, "No, Doctor, but the publicity of the fact that we come from Wesleyan University, and represent the anti-slavery students under your care, will secure for us the respect and consideration of the convention." The permission of attendance was granted and the presence of the University delegates at the convention was recognized in a flattering manner. By a favoring Providence the delegates passed successfully through the ordeal of examination at the close of the year, received the commendation of the examining committee, and the cheers of their classmates.

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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, August 23.

- Over 55,000 sailors looked out in England.
- Treasury officials claim a balance of \$50,000,000 on hand.
- The excessive heat in France and Austria having a fine effect upon crops.
- Mormon missionaries working vigorously for converts in London.
- Queen Victoria's coronation honors on disappointed terms.
- The striking switchmen receive concessions, but no blockade of traffic.
- Typhoon, landside and earthquake in Japan.
- Skowhegan, Me., celebrates a decade of progress.
- Launch of the great wooden four-masted ship "Roanoke" at Bath.

Wednesday, August 24.

- Death of General Fonseca, the first president and dictator of Brazil.
- A receiver appointed for the Iron Hill at Indianapolis.
- Cholera breaks out at Hamburg and Havre; thousands of deaths in Russia.
- The Knights of Pythias parade 11,000 strong at Kansas City.
- International Permanent Peace Bureau to be established at Bern.
- Two mines in Idaho closed in order to break up the union; martial law in Warden.
- The Gloucester festivities inaugurated.
- Indian ghost-dancing starts up in Oklahoma.
- Failure of the shipping firm of George Trevelly & Co. of London, operators of several steamship lines.
- The Amalgamated Association paying \$1,000 a day to support the Homeless strikers.
- The Tennessee authorities settling vigorously in prosecuting the riotous miners.
- Outbreaks of violence continue at Buffalo.

Thursday, August 25.

- The chief constructor of the German navy to visit the navy yards and inspect the naval vessels of this country.
- The U. S. ship "Enterprise" to be given to Massachusetts as a school ship.
- The cholera reaches Antwerp; precautions taken in New York and this city against the introduction of the disease.
- The French enter Dahomey territory with a force of 1,200 strong, and bombard a town.
- The great railroad strike declared off; the switchmen admit that they are defeated.
- The convicts to be returned to the Tennessee mines.
- Many soldiers prostrated by heat in Europe; several fatalities.

Friday, August 26.

- The Reading combine declared to be illegal and void by Chancellor McGill of the Supreme bench of New Jersey.
- Prof. Totten out with another warning.
- Coal again goes up.
- Seventy thousand deaths from cholera in Persia.
- A monster parade at Gloucester.
- Local receivers being appointed for settling the affairs of the Iron Hill.
- The Boston case being tried in Fall River.
- Rev. Dr. W. M. Stryker, of Chicago, elected president of Hamilton College.

Saturday, August 27.

- Great Britain to participate in our naval review.
- Senator Dawes not a candidate for reelection.
- Heavy rains cause serious damage along the Mexican Central.
- The Chautauque Assembly closes its session for the season.
- Nearly 150 miners lose their lives by an explosion in a Welsh coal pit.
- Bridget Sullivan testifies at the Boston trial.

Monday, August 29.

- The Boston murder mystery deepens.
- Puerto Cabello and Valencia, in Venezuela, captured by Gen. Crespo.
- Death, in Ceylon, of the veteran missionary, Rev. W. W. Howland.
- Forty-one men rescued from the Wales colliery; the dead number 110.
- Sixty textile manufacturers in Great Britain closed.
- The Metropolitan Opera House in New York damaged by fire to the extent of \$30,000.
- Collapsing of a railroad bridge near Barrett, Mich.; four dead and forty in the hospital.
- Oliver Wendell Holmes reaches his 83d birthday; numerous congratulations.
- Immigration from Hamburg may be discontinued, on account of the cholera.

CURRENT NOTES.

- The French have been making substantial progress in Dahomey, have bombarded several ports, and have advanced inland. They are welcomed by the neighboring tribes with enthusiasm, and as they are assured of the weather until Oct. 15, they bid fair to give the cruel king a well-merited punishment. The country is reported to be a commercial paradise.
- The disfranchisement of the Negroes by the new constitution of Mississippi is practically accomplished, as, out of a colored population of 742,000, only 8,615 voters have registered. They are required to "understand" and interpret the constitution when read to them, a provision made very elastic in the hands of their white oppressors.
- It is claimed that Mr. Gladstone promised to protect the Ameer of Afghanistan against Russian aggression. The latter now asks England to interfere in her behalf as Russia has attacked her possessions in the Pamir. Latest advice indicate an adjustment of questions at issue.
- The International Boundary Commission is making good progress in defining the line between Mexico and the United States and in setting up permanent iron monuments thereon. This is important often in fixing land titles. A similar line on the Canadian frontier has been of immense benefit.
- Capri's bill to make compulsory military service two years instead of three as now, has been disapproved by the German Emperor and will not be introduced into the Reichstag. Bismarck had expressed himself in favor of it.
- Some curious and interesting experiments with the search light at Mt. Washington have been made. By a series of flashes thrown on the zenith several words were distinctly spelled out at Portland, Me., eighty-five miles distant.
- Some doubt seems to be thrown upon some views concerning the settlement of the troubles in the Caroline Islands, as announced by Hon. E. Burd Grubb, ex-minister to Madrid. According to late address the Spanish Government will allow the missionaries to return, but will keep their teachings under surveillance.

You believe in pure food; you buy the best flour, the best eggs, the best sugar, yet you have not tried the best baking powder unless you have used Cleveland's. But do not take our word for it. Judge for yourself, try a can of Cleveland's, and be sure to use a little less than you have been accustomed to of others, for Cleveland's is the strongest.

Ask your grocer for the Cleveland Cook Book, 400 recipes, free. If he hasn't a copy read stamp and address to Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York.

MICHIGAN LETTER.

(Continued from Page 5.)

he wants to. Rev. M. C. Hawkes, of Bay City, has had a call, so the papers say, to a Methodist Church in Wichita, Kan., and will probably go. Rumor has it that the church is looking towards a man in Michigan Conference to fill the place.

Rev. F. L. Thompson, of Michigan Conference, who went South one year ago for his health, and is now supplying the M. E. Church in Harrison, Tenn., where he is very popular, has lately come back to Michigan and taken to himself a wife. It is talked that he will return to Michigan this fall and take charge of our thriving church in Potosky.

Rev. M. W. Knapp, mentioned above in this letter as the author of the book on "Impressions," is expecting soon to remove to Cincinnati, where he thinks he can carry on his evangelistic and publishing work more advantageously.

Michigan has seen several bishops this summer—Bowman, Hurst, Nind, Newman, Thoburn and Taylor. Our venerable senior bishop has made the tour of several camp-meetings, preaching as if he was a boy again. He has preached several sermons and given several Epworth League addresses, to the great delight of all the people who heard him. Bishop Nind, who is coming to live with us this fall, has spent about a month in the State, preaching at camp-meetings and dedicating churches, and getting acquainted with the people he is to live with. The acquaintance is satisfactory on the people's side. While in the State, the Bishop visited his son, who is serving a charge on the frontier in the Detroit Conference.

Dr. Potts, editor of the *Michigan Christian Advocate*, has been away from the editorial sanctum for about two months now, and has spent most of his time at our famous health resort, Bay View. His health, which has been weakened by the severe strain of years of hard work, is improving. The Michigan preachers and people will pray for his complete restoration.

MUHAMMEDANISM IN ENGLAND.

REV. J. E. ROBINSON.

A couple of years ago quite a considerable amount of public interest was awakened by the announcement of the establishment of a Muhammadan mosque in the city of Liverpool, England, and the initiation of a movement having for its avowed object the conversion of good Queen Victoria's Christian subjects to the faith of Islam. To Mr. W. H. Quilliam, a solicitor in good standing in that flourishing seaport, the world is indebted for the conception of this ambitious scheme. It would appear that, having traveled in Morocco, or some land equally favorable to the satisfactory comparative study of religions, he was profoundly impressed with the excellence of Muhammadanism; and, after further study of its history, literature and religious features—having the courage of his convictions—he became a follower of the prophet of Mecca. The ardent spirit of proselytism by which Muhammadanism has never ceased to be characterized, laid hold of Mr. Quilliam and constrained him to bravely undertake the task of promulgating his newly-adopted religion among his fellow-subjects; for which, of course, if he is a sincere convert, he is to be commended rather than condemned. At the time much ado was foolishly made about this movement in sundry quarters, and some rather silly things said by those who might be supposed to possess more common sense.

Having a few hours at my disposal some weeks ago, waiting for my steamer to sail, it seemed good unto me to pay the Liverpool mosque a quiet visit and ascertain, as best I might, what progress Islam had been making in Britain. A twenty minutes' ride in the train brought me to Number 8, Brougham Terrace. The conductor was blissfully ignorant of the whereabouts of the mosque, but a fellow-passenger informed me that it followed the well-known West Derby Road, the difficulty was obvious. A modest, but very dingy, three-story brick house, uniform with several others equally sombre on either side, bore the inscription: "There is no God but God, and Muhammad was his Prophet." Two or three tags at a dilapidated bell brought the sexton, if he may be so styled, to the door. Having explained to him my desire to see the interior of the mosque and to gather what information I could about the movement, he ushered me into a parlor off the hall. Scarcely furnished, its most attractive features were several photographic groups of "the faithful" which hung on the walls. By the faithful I mean the few Britons of both sexes who have identified themselves with the movement. I was at once reminded how thoroughly obnoxious in the sight of all sincere people Muhammadanism is, and how necessary would be the strictest Mosaic idea of religious propriety than such pictures, portraying as they do persons of both sexes seated together, the woman—*miserable creature*—unveiled! The obliging sexton wore a fez, which imparted to him a decidedly Oriental flavor, though I have my own strong reasons for believing that he hailed from the Emerald Isle. He was careful to repudiate all personal connection of a religious character with the movement, and was far less unwilling to express his opinions, which were not particularly favorable, as to its success and prospects, than I had reckoned upon.

Requesting to be shown into the place of worship, my guide led me down a narrow hall-way and into a large room seated with chairs, calculated to accommodate about sixty or seventy persons. At one end was a

platform on which were a small table, a few chairs, and an American organ. Two gentlemen sat on the edge of the platform, one an Indian Mussulman—a lineal descendant of the Prophet, by his own testimony; the other, a German, who had recently espoused Muhammadanism. The former was teaching the latter Arabic. I at once introduced myself, making a few simple inquiries, to which I received very guarded, though exceedingly courteous, replies. An expression of doubt on the part of the writer as to whether the faith of Islam had much chance of making headway among the hard-headed Britishers, precipitated a lively discussion as to the respective merits of Christianity and Muhammadanism, in which both gentlemen joined, taking very sanguine views of the latter and its prospects. The gist of their arguments was, that Christianity, with its unphilosophical dogmas concerning the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Trinity, etc., and its unscientific positions generally, had become, or was rapidly becoming, effete; that all except the very ignorant and uncultured had already broken or would soon break away from it; and that Muhammadanism with its noble yet simple and consistent theism was admirably adapted to step in and secure the allegiance of the malcontent Christians, and thus save British Christianity from plunging into the deepest and darkest atheism. They were not slow to point out the present conditions of society—socialism, anarchism, irreligious conflict between capital and labor, etc., demonstrating the failure of the Christian system to measure up to the demands of the age. Muhammadanism, it was claimed, had come to the kingdom for just such a work as this—to grapple with these vexatious social and religious problems and save poor Christendom from the horrors which inevitably awaited it! A parting point appeared to slightly nonplus my courteous opponents: I quietly expressed the conviction that no people of average common sense were likely to lightly abandon a religious system which had developed our magnificent modern civilization for one which had steadily deteriorated for centuries past, and out of which not a solitary material invention or discovery of any kind, by which society had been enriched or blessed, had sprung in a thousand years. The implied challenge in these last words evidently disconcerted them.

Further inquiry elicited the information that the religious services held at the mosque are modeled largely after those of Dissenting churches. Sermons and addresses based on passages from the Quran, prayer-meetings in which the faithful participate, and music of a distinctively Christian type, form the staple of these services. A copy of their newly-compiled hymn book was shown me. On asking where a copy could be purchased I was presented with one—somewhat reluctantly I should add—by my Indian friend. The title-page reads as follows:—

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS suitable for use at the meetings of the ENGLISH SPEAKING MOSLEM CONGREGATIONS.

"Do thou celebrate the praise of thy Lord; and be one of those who worship; and serve thy God until death shall overtake thee."—Sura 15.

LIVERPOOL.

T. Dobb & Co., Printers, 229 Brownlow Hill, 1892.

The collection consists of fifty-two hymns of various metres, and three Suras (Nos. 1, 128, 129), arranged for chanting. Of the fifty-two hymns six are original compositions of Mr. Quilliam; the rest are mostly well-known Christian hymns, "slightly altered" in many cases. Each hymn is prefaced with what is supposed to be an appropriate Sura, but in some instances the appropriateness is not readily apparent. It is surprising how many of our Christian hymns may be used by Muhammadans without any change whatever; and how many may be used by them with the alteration or substitution of a single word. Four stanzas of Lyte's beautiful hymn, "Abide with me," form No. 13 in the collection. The first line of the last stanza is changed to read, "Abide with me when close these mortal eyes," and "Allah" is substituted for "O Lord" in the last line of the same. Charles Wesley's "O for a thousand tongues to sing" has "Creator" for "Redeemer" in the first stanza, and the third commences, "Allah, the last stanza of Montgomery's well-known hymn or prayer reads as follows:—

"Prayer is the Moslem's vital breath,
The Moslem's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer."
Several familiar hymns, such as,
"Take my life, and let it be," "Come

let us anew," "God moves in a mysterious way," et al., are transplanted without the change of a single word. As an illustration of Mr. Quilliam's general literary style I add a stanza from one of the hymns he supplied to the collection:—

"What though the Moslem's heart be torn
By persecution's rankling thorn,
While traversing earth's vale;
Though even life's career he ends,
While no loved object o'er him bends
To catch his parting tale."

It was a matter of great regret to me that I had not the opportunity of meeting Mr. Quilliam. The assizes were in progress in Liverpool at the time of my visit, and absence from his office account of professional duties would be impossible for me to have access to him the only available day. I was informed that his wife holds entirely aloof from the movement. From what I saw on the spot, from the admissions elicited from those whom I interviewed at the mosque, and from facts gleaned from reputable citizens, I have no hesitation in stating that up to the present, at least, the Muhammadan campaign in England has proved a most egregious failure, and that what passes muster as Muhammadanism is a very *kachcha* affair, as a Hindustani Mussulman would infallibly style it—a mongrel affair that genuine Moslems would neither recognize as having any real affinity with the original nor be willing to acknowledge the right of to the title Muhammadanism. The leaders of the movement have made so many concessions to Western ideas and have been so anxious to conciliate Christian sentiment, that the Muhammadanism which they present is little more than an emasculated caricature, wholly destitute of the promise and potency of successful proselytism such as vigorous Islam has often been able to achieve.

Non-English Elements in the American Population.

About the population of America there are two remarkable facts: The percentage of non-English material in the make-up of the nation is very large; and yet these foreign elements are shaped to the English pattern. We have an English, not a Dutch, or French, nation. The first fact seems to be incompatible with the second; but the second is as incontestable as the first.

We call England the mother country, and speak of ourselves as belonging to the English stock, while not one-half our population is derived from English sources. The later immigrations we know to have been largely non-English; the earlier ones were equally so. According to the census of 1880 there were 6,679,943 foreign-born people in the Republic, and ten millions of their children, making a large percentage of the 52,000,000 given in the census of that year. A large part of this was non-English. But this is only a part of the account. The early migrations were equally non-English. We think of the Pilgrims of New England and the cavaliers of Virginia as though that made the whole case. There were the French of Canada, who staked out for themselves the Mississippi Valley clear to New Orleans. There were the Dutch in New York and the Germans in Pennsylvania. There were the Huguenots in South Carolina and New York; the Swedes in Delaware, the Welsh in Pennsylvania, and the Scotch-Irish sprinkled through all the colonies, and predominating in North and South Carolina and in the States to the west of them. The mountain men of Tennessee and upper Georgia and Alabama are of Scotch-Irish origin. The sum of these foreign elements must make more than half our population.

With the predominance of non-English elements in our population, how happens it that we have an English nation? Why did not the French build a nation in the great valley of the West? Why did not the Dutch retain their language and institutions in New York? Why did not the Scotch-Irish rear an empire on their own lines? To these questions there may be several answers. The English, in Massachusetts and Virginia, were here early, and they drove their stakes firmly in the soil. The early bird takes the worm. The first colonists have an immense advantage in shaping the later material. But this cannot be all; the French and Spanish were first on the ground. The English colonies imported ideas, character and energy. Both the Parliaments and the Cavalier were positive quantities. In the Old World they had fought each other; in the New they found that they had certain common interests, and very soon came to pool their issues. Again, certain classes of the non-English people held principles in common with the English colonies. The Scotch-Irish were pronounced Protestants and liberal in their political tendencies, so that their main purpose was best attained by following the English trend. The same was true with the Huguenots; driven from their own country, they found one this side of the Atlantic where they were protected in their civil



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and religious rights. The Dutch, too, though speaking a different language and following other customs, were republican in their temper and ideas, and found it not difficult to follow the lead of their English conquerors. Their lives were kindred, if not identical. The smaller foreign elements were easily absorbed in the population around them.

But back of all this the English contingent exhibited an immense capacity for assimilation. No race has ever equalled the English in its assimilative power. The weakness of Rome was that it held vast quantities of unassimilated material. The Englishman is disinclined to receive anything he cannot digest. The Chinaman is bad on his stomach, and he can think of no remedy but an opiate. The Indian is extinguished. And the Negro, once free and too bulky to digest, would be cast out if not so huge. The attempts at assimilation have not turned out good Yankees. But all other elements of the population have been transformed into Americans. The French of Canada have kept a stock yard for the breeding of habitans; but the resultant population exhibits vast traces of real Americanism. With the American it is otherwise. The Scotch Irish, the Dutch, the Scandinavian, the Pole, are transformed into the American type; and the work is often so well done that the people themselves cannot tell what blood runs in their veins. They are simply Americans. The English genius for absorption and assimilation makes us one people. Without any violent processes, the foreign elements melt into the stream of American life, thought and action. Into all her legislative halls, courts, schools and markets of trade, she puts the language of Shakespeare and Milton, and leads her people to adopt the best English institutions, with such improvements as our own experience and that of other nations suggest. In a thousand years England has hardly disposed of the dialects of her people; but in America the mixing of the various peoples has removed nearly every trace of non-English origin. This thorough digestion of the material in the population affords hope for the peace and security of the nation. What has been done in the past will be done in the future. Though the national stomach may what we call the melting pot, the assimilating process goes on; and, in lapse of time, the alien languages, institutions and ideas will be replaced by what is strictly American. This result is attained largely by indirect means. While seeming to be intent on making money, America is really busy in manufacturing citizens of the approved republican pattern.

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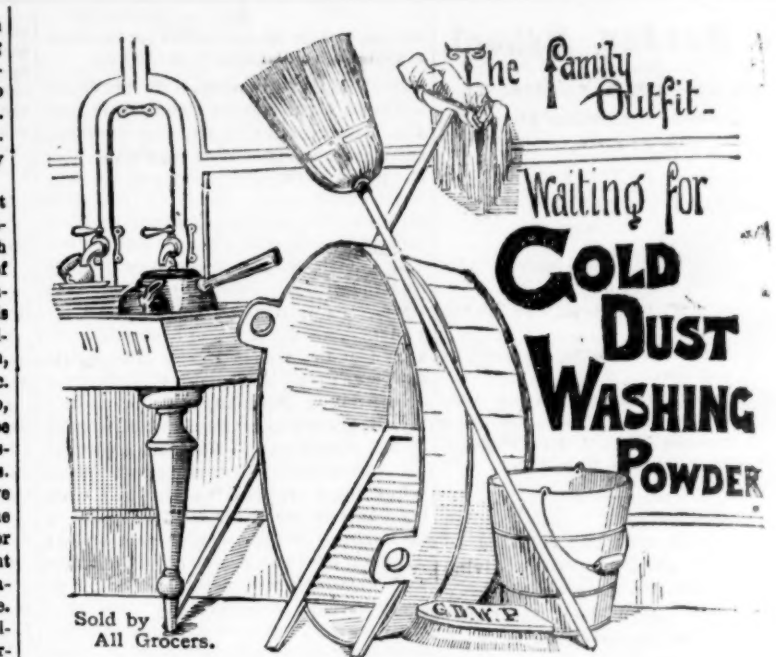
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